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Exposed to Temptation;

Or, SOME BECKONINGS OF CHANCE

By L. E. Swartz

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RALPH OREM struggled in the throes of an overmastering temptation. There, within easy reach on the cashier's desk, by which he stood as yet unnoticed, lay a bulky bundle of ten-dollar bills, just as received from the bank, marked $1,000.

"The exact amount!" he mentally gasped; "what a chance!"

Through the half-open door marked "private" came the low murmur of a girl's voice, followed, or rather swallowed up, by the harsh boom of masculine vituperation.

Another instant of hesitation, a swift outstretching of the hand, and the big bunch of bills was in Ralph's pocket. Quickly he turned from the office to the corridor just as the cashier emerged from the inner office. Forty feet to the elevator shaft, a quick touch to the "Down" button, and a flash of light two shafts away marked the place of the first down-coming car. It rapidly neared. "Down, eleven!" he called. As the elevator was stopping for him a wild cry "It's gone! It's gone!" came from the office of Fosgate & Company, Real Estate & Loans.

Ralph stepped coolly into the car, and the elevator boy rolled the gate shut just as a red-faced man burst out of the Fosgate office, screaming, "Here, you, stop!"

"Next car," grishingly replied the boy, as he jerked the lever and the car dropped. "That old blockie makes me tired," he confided promiscuously. "Allers runnin' fer de car, an hollerin' at me as ef he owned dis building."

But Ralph's safety was only momentary. As his car stopped at the seventh floor it was passed by another downward car, one which ran "express," making no stop between the tenth floor and the first, and which Ralph knew must contain his pursuer. "He'll be waiting for me at one, and nab me sure," he thought. Then he spoke calmly, "Out, five." The car stopped at the fifth floor and Ralph walked deliberately down the long corridor leading to the Monroe street side, where there was another bank of elevators. A minute later he was safely out of the building and walking rapidly west on Monroe street, one man of the mighty throng.

As Ralph passed along the ever-busy street, a great revulsion of feeling overwhelmed him. "Oh, why did I take it! How can I get rid of it quick!" his soul cried out in agony. He was just on the point of thrusting the bundle of money into a waste-box on the corner, when his courage returned with a mighty surge. "I won't play the fool, anyhow," he assured himself, and turning north in LaSalle street, he soon entered the building of The Northern Security Safe Deposit Company.

"It will be safe there until my brain clears, and I decide what to do," he soliloquized, as he left the vaults with a receipt for his box rent in his pocket.

"Now I am sure I was not recognized at Fosgate's. Shall I go back and pay that interest?" No restraining cause was obvious, but instinctive caution prevailed, and stepping into a convenient postal sub-station, he procured a money order for thirty dollars, and mailed it to Fosgate & Company, with an explanatory note regretting that it was not possible for him to get down town that day, and hoping that if this interest payment were received a day late it would not matter. As for the principal of that note on their home at 2120 Lorland Avenue, he would see them in regard to that within the thirty days they had so kindly granted him. He now had hopes of being able to secure the money elsewhere, if, as they had intimated, Fosgate & Company would not be able to arrange a further extension.

That evening at home Ralph told his mother the whole story. "I don't know why I did it, mother. I never stole a cent before in my life. But there it was, just the amount of that miserable note on this house, and all I had to do was to reach out my hand and take it! Fosgate and Company are rich, and a thousand dollars is less to them than one dollar is to us. Many a time a single dollar is all that stands between us and hunger, but if they were to lose ten times a thousand dollars, none of them would ever miss a meal."

Mrs. Orem was silent for a long time. When at last she spoke, her voice told of unshed tears. "Ralph dear," she faltered, "I know you are not a thief, though you did steal a thousand dollars to-day. No mother ever had a better son than you have been to me, as we have worked together since your father's death to support and educate the children. But that money! It must be returned! We can not use it! You know we can not!"

"O mother! from the very first minute I knew we could not keep it, but if I take it back I'll be arrested, and then what will you and the children do?"

"Think of the cashier in charge of that money," rejoined the mother. "Very likely she will be discharged because of your act, and there may be helpless ones dependent on her also."

At mention of the cashier Ralph's heart bounded with memories of the sweet-faced, pleasant-voiced young lady whom he had seen just once each six months for the past two years, as he had called to make the interest payments. To be sure, she had separated him from his hard-earned money, but there was something in her manner that made the operation less painful than it otherwise would have been, and there was a mischievous challenge in her eyes that he longed to answer, but never summoned courage for such daring.

Knowing nothing of this, good Mrs. Orem was astounded at the effectiveness of her suggestion, as Ralph responded, casting all caution to the winds. "Her? Oh yes. I hadn't thought of her! Sure, I'll take it back in the morning, and if they pinch me all right; I'll have to take my medicine. But," he added regretfully, "I do hope they'll let me off easy, for your sake and the children's, mother dear."

There was a loud, imperious rapping at the door.

* * * * * * *

When Fosgate reached the first floor in pursuit of Ralph he sprang in front of the gate of the shaft containing the car which Ralph had left at the fifth floor. Fosgate signalled frantically to the elevator starter, a private policeman, who reached his side just as the car stopped.

"Thief in that car!" gasped the red-faced one. "Got a big bunch of money from our office!" As the boy released the gate and it rolled open, the starter and Fosgate barred the attempted exit of its occupants.

"Can you pick him out?" queried the starter.

"Brown suit. Black derby," snapped Fosgate.

But no brown-suited, black-derby-hatted man was in the car.

"Oh, hell, let 'em go!" snarled Fosgate, and the occupants of the car, wildly and clamorously indignant at the delay of perhaps ten seconds, hurried out and skurried their several ways.

Fosgate turned savagely on the boy. "Where's that man in a brown suit that got on at eleven?"

"Got off at five," replied the boy. Up to the fifth floor went the real estate man and the private policeman, and together made a hurried search of its corridors, serving no purpose but to increase Fosgate's wrath. "Fire that boy!" he blurted. "If he'd stopped when I called I'd have caught the thief sure!"

"Just step into the office of the building with me, if you will, Mr. Fosgate," courteously requested the elevator starter. "They always want a statement as soon as possible when anything of this kind happens, and they [illegible] the best detective talent in the city." Stormingly he complied with the request, and was told that a detective would call on him in a few minutes. Then he returned to his office, to vent his spleen upon his hapless cashier, Miss Vena Cosgrove.

During the absence of her employer on his bootless chase, poor Miss Cosgrove had been having her bad quarter of an hour, and yet her chief cause of worry was not the loss of the thousand dollars. Bitterly she recalled the events of the forenoon. How blithely had she come to the office in the morning, cheered by the thought that this was the day that nice Mr. Orem was to call and make his semi-annual interest payment. How eagerly had she awaited the exact time he always came in, 12:45, just after her lunch hour. She had on quite a very much to-day, poor girl, for she had used most of her scant thirty minutes in freshening her toilet, even buying a small bunch of flowers to wear. She had laughed at her foolishness, but accused herself with, "Well, it's only once every six months!" Then wistfully: "I wonder if we ever will get acquainted?"

At 12:30 she had returned to her post; later she had glanced at her watch—only 12:35. More age-long minutes, and the outer door opened; she had looked up, with cheeks afire, but it was only Mr. Jenkinson, of the neighboring firm of Jenkinson & Smith, with a bunch of currency. "Here's Fosgate's velvet on that Edgewater deal," he had said, throwing it down. "He would'nt take a check for it. Never mind counting it, I'm in a hurry; I'm willing to trust your count on it." As he hurriedly left Mr. Fosgate had poked his ugly head out of his private office, and bellowed:

"Here, Miss Cosgrove, how's this": Let me hear what you have to say to yourself about this bull in your letter to the Hapgood Trust Company!"

"Just a moment, Mr. Fosgate," she had sweetly answered, but as quick as [illegible] this money into the safe."

"Drop it!" he had roared, "and come when you are called. It'll be all right there for a moment or two."

Silently she had complied with his command, outwardly heedless of his insulting manner. Once in his office, a glance at the letter in question had shown her that the mistake was Mr. Fosgate's own, and she had asked permission to return to her desk and procure some memoranda he had given her. With another outburst of abuse he had told her to get it, and returning to the outer room she had caught a fleeting glimpse of a tall form just passing out of the door. She had also instantly noted the absence of the money, and after a moment's bewildered hesitation had given the warning cry. Though she had not recognized the thief, she was heartsick with the inward assurance that he was none other than the man whose coming she had so eagerly awaited. She had glanced at her watch—12:46.

But even now, she might be mistaken. It might have been but a chance resemblance as to form, but a coincidence as to time. It was now only one o'clock, and Mr. Orem might yet come in at any minute.

Her bitter reflection was broken by the opening of the door and she looked up eagerly, hope battling with fear as she yearned to see the manly face of Ralph. Instead, her eyes were blasted by sight of the purple countenance of her angry employer.

"All your fault!" he blustered. "You should have brought it in with you to my office!"

"You told me to drop it, Mr. Fosgate, and I dropped it," she retorted, with a look of defiance which was a revelation to him.

A detective entered shortly, to whom Fosgate detailed the circumstances of the theft. After a few questions the sleuth said:

"Not a professional; though his getaway would do credit to Raffles. Mr. Fosgate, it was one of your own customers, who knew the layout on business just as that roll was unguarded, and simply took it and skipped out. Young lady,"—turning to Miss Cosgrove— "you seem to be cashier, bookkeeper and stenographer of this establishment. Can you give us a tip as to which one of your customers would likely have come in at about that hour to-day, in the ordinary course of business?"

Giving thoughtful heed to the query, she turned to look at some of her books, and after ineffectual search regretfully admitted that she could give no pointer along that line.

"All right," said the detective, "I'll loaf around here a while anyhow; he might come back, just to throw us off the scent."

It was a dreary afternoon for Miss Cosgrove as she mechanically attended to the varied duties of her position. The last mail of the day was brought in. All letters addressed to Mr. Fosgate personally she took to him in his office, where he was smoking a farewell cigar with the detective. Then returning to her desk, she opened the firm mail, making proper disposition of all letters of a routine nature, reserving those more important for the consideration of Mr. Fosgate.

Her work finished, she turned again to the private office, tapping lightly on the door. A growl was the only answer. By long experience she interpreted it as permission to enter, and she stepped inside, where the detective was just bidding Fosgate goodnight.

"Sorry we haven't got any trace of the rascal, Fosgate," he was saying. "You'll put me wise if anything turns up? So long," and he was gone.

A bright spot burned on each cheek of pretty Miss Cosgrove.

Mr. Fosgate began, in painful embarrassment, "I have decided to say goodbye to Fosgate & Company. I do not find it at all pleasant here. When things do not suit you you are abusive and profane. When you are not angry, you are even worse with your foolish talk and actions." All traces of embarrassment gone, she faced him like an accusing angel. "And now, good-bye!"

Under the scourge of that tongue and the scornful accusation of those sparkling eyes, all that was mean in Fosgate welled to the surface.

"Not quite so fast!" he sneered. "Our friend who has just left suggested that you might be the guilty party, as no one saw that money leave this office. Of course, I told him you were above suspicion, and all that sort of rot, but since you have got so gay, we will have you searched anyway, just for fun."

He stepped between her and the door, but she brushed him aside with a contemptuous gesture, and the [illegible] callous soul was touched by her look of agony.

"Have me searched?" she whispered huskily. "I surely won't do that! You know that I did not take that money, and why should you have me searched like a common criminal? I'll take back all I said, Mr. Fosgate, and I'll stay and help you by starting in my successor; but, please, let me go now."

"All right, Vena," he smirked; "maybe, if we talk things over in a friendly way we can fix it all right. You know, Vena, that Mrs. Fosgate number three and yours truly haven't been getting along with each other very well lately, and it'll be only a short time until you can be number four."

At this unexpected proposal Miss Cosgrove found speech, with vigor redeeming tardiness. "You wretch! You contemptible brute! Would to a thousand times rather go to jail this minute than live with a thing like you in a Lake Shore Drive palace!"

Fosgate made lightning change from the role of vulgar lover to that of tyrannical employer. "Very well, Miss Cosgrove," he sneered, "just as you prefer. But that thousand dollars—"

The door opened, and the detective entered. "Did you want me Fosgate?"

"Yes, Sharp, this hussy has got that money hid around here and I want her searched."

At the fateful word Miss Cosgrove's face again whitened, but this time she voiced no protest.

"Searched? Sure. We've a lady with us that'll do the job proper. She'd find a diamond in a hollow tooth capped with chewing-gum. I'll have her here in ten minutes," and he stepped to the phone.

Miss Cosgrove's inward cry for help appeal to Fosgate, this time not to his mercy, but to his sense of business. "Don't have me searched, Mr. Fosgate. You'll never get your thousand dollars that way. I haven't got it, but if you'll let me go now I'll bring you a thousand dollars to-morrow. She made this desperate offer in good faith, with wild thoughts of drawing a certain precious hoard from the bank and supplementing it with gifts from her friends. Anything to avoid being searched.

Fosgate contemptuously spurned her offer. "Searched you shall be!" he taunted her. "If it's worth a thousand dollars to you to keep it it's worth just as much to me to force it on you. But, of course, if you'll consider my other proposition—" Her flashing eyes checked his insulting tongue.

Miss Lanster stepped in, nodded briefly to Sharp, took in Fosgate and the cashier in one quick glance, then enquired of the detective, "Well?" The latter inclined his head toward Fosgate, who said:

"A thousand dollars gone; cashier has it; take it from her."

Miss Lanster faced Vena. "And you're the cashier? Of course I must tell you that I have no right to search you against your will, but you'll find it worse to be searched by the matron's assistant at the police station. And if we have to take you there your name will go on the book, right along with the names of all the other girls in trouble. Better have it over with here." Her tones, though crisp, were not unkindly. Vena bowed her head in silent consent, and together they passed into the private office.

Some twenty minutes later they reappeared, Miss Lanster puzzled, Miss Cosgrove trembling. "Went through her right," reported the former. "No thousand dollars. Just $2.60 and a few trading-stamps in her purse. Nothing else worth mentioning about her, unless this may be. And now I must go, gents. It's way past my quitting time, and I have a swell date on for tonight." And she was gone.

"Bills" was Ralph's letter, which had come in the last mail, and which Vena had secreted in her bosom. Sharp scrutinized the missive shrewdly. "How about that thirty-dollar money-order enclosed?" he demanded of Vena.

"You'll find the order with the cash, and the amount properly credited on the books," was her faint response.

"I think I'll have a look at that money-order," commanded Sharp.

Fosgate turned to open the safe and Sharp continued reading from Ralph's letter. "Ah-ha!" he chuckled; then aloud: "I now have hopes of securing the money-order elsewhere." Then he queried: "Fosgate, what is the amount of that Orem loan on Lorland Avenue?"

"One thousand dollars, I believe."

"Indeed? Quite a coincidence!" Fosgate handed him the money-order and the detective laughed. "Issued at the Stock Exchange sub-station to-day; yet, he says here, I regret that it will not be possible for me to call to-day. I'm no fool, not the sucker! He might as well have said, 'I'm your man; come and get me.' We'll take a little trip up into Ravenswood, and see you're right, Lorland Avenue customer."

Fosgate turned savagely to trembling Vena. "Take your traps and go! So sorry I can't give you a recommend, but I really couldn't do it under the circumstances, you know." And then, as a parting blessing, he added: "Too bad you won't be sensible, my dear."

She left the office without a word, nor a pang of regret at her loss of work, hoping to be saved. Her dominant thought was to warn Ralph of his approaching peril. To verify his address she stepped into a drug-store and consulted a city directory.

"Orem, Ralph, electrician, res, 2120 Lorland—and

PASTOR RUSSELL'S SERMON

The Famous Minister of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Speaks to the People Through the Ledger Each Week.

Kingdom of the Messiah About to Be Inaugurated in Power.

LONDON.—Pastor Russell of Brooklyn Tabernacle again addressed an immense audience in our great Auditorium, of which we are so proud. The British public in the past have been disinclined to give much heed to anything along religious lines hailing from America. But Pastor Russell's sermons are evidently interesting many. They are stimulating Bible study amongst a large middle class too intelligent longer to believe the myths of the Dark Ages, yet too loyal to the Bible to cast it aside into the ditch of Higher Criticism. The interpretations given us by the American are granted by many to be altogether new and to cast a flood of light upon the entire Bible.

Today's discourse was based upon Isaiah xl. 3-5. The speaker noted the fact that it connects logically with his words of comfort to the Jews last Sunday. The same voice that speaks to the Jews words of comfort warns Christians that we are on the eve of strenuous times, in which Christendom will be called upon to render up its account amidst a time of world-wide trouble and revolution. Not that Christian people are called upon to be revolutionists. Quite to the contrary; they are to be lovers of peace—peace-makers, so far as possible. But the Scriptures show that there is a limit to peace-possibility; that the growing intelligence of the world is not making for peace. Worldly prosperity and increased knowledge in unsanctified hearts are breeding greater discontent day by day. The great change to be expected will come as the natural outworking of this discontent, which affects both rich and poor, learned and unlearned.

The message of John the Baptist eighteen centuries ago to Israel was typical of the message of God through all of his consecrated people to nominal Churchianity and the world—nominal spiritual Israel. The voice declares that the great Kingdom of Messiah, offered typically to the Jews eighteen centuries ago, is now about to be inaugurated in power and great glory. If the coming King and his Kingdom are to be received with appropriate honors and loyalty of heart, the message must be heard and his highway of holiness must be prepared. If the King were thus received, happy would be for the world of mankind. If the kings of earth and the financial and ecclesiastical princes were to gladly hearken to his message and promptly and thoroughly establish righteousness in the earth, Messiah's Kingdom would be introduced peacefully, gloriously, and begin its work of blessing, uplifting Israel and all the families of the earth. But the Scriptures clearly indicate that no such peaceful advent of the Great King is to be expected.

Quite to the contrary, the Prophet Daniel, after picturing the course of the "times of the Gentiles," after showing the expiration of these times, after pointing to the coming of the Messiah in the clouds of heaven in glorious majesty and power (invisible to men because spiritual), then tells us, "At that time shall Michael stand up (come into power—assume his authority), the Great Prince, that standeth for the children of thy people (Daniel's people, the Jews, and with them all desiring to be God's people). And there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation," Daniel xii. 1.

The speaker declared that the time impending is described in his text, "Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain shall be brought low" (v. 4). This means the humbling, the leveling of the great princes of religious influence and of politics to a democratic level. Similarly the exalting of every valley means the lifting up of the poor, the submerged, the degraded. This work of leveling will not be done in a day. But the very beginning of that leveling process will mean trouble. And every step of the way will mean more trouble, until the Divine purpose here expressed shall be realized. He noted the trouble in Russia which preceded the acceptance of the douma and believed that more trouble would be experienced before the high ones of the Russians would be humbled and the poor of the people come into their rights.

In Great Britain the leveling processes have been going on for many years. Law and government are respected and esteemed, but there is no autocratic rule. The people through their representatives are their own law-makers. The valleys have been to a considerable extent exalted and the higher powers have to a considerable extent come down to a democratic level. And the leveling process is still operating in Great Britain. The Income Tax is a part of it. In consequence of this gradual leveling of Society the final adjustment to the requirements of the Messianic Kingdom will be proportionately less than in an autocracy.

The great time of trouble that will level the mountains and valleys of society and make the path of righteousness in the world a straight one and an easy one will doubtless be short and sharp. Quickly the glorious results will follow. Mankind will come to a realization of the fact that the due time for Messiah's reign has come. In our text this is spoken of as the glory of Jehovah which is to be revealed and which all flesh shall recognize together. The speaker saw no conflict in this because, as in olden times, David and Solomon were declared to sit upon the throne of the Kingdom of Jehovah: so with propriety it can be said that Messiah will sit upon the Throne or Kingdom of Jehovah. In other words, although Messiah's Kingdom will be a mediatorial one, separate from that of Jehovah, for the purpose of putting down sin and of uplifting the sinner, nevertheless throughout the thousand years of his glorious reign he will represent Jehovah in that his entire work will have the full approval of Jehovah and be conducted along the lines of the Divine law. Thus, gradually, as sin will go down and sinners will be rescued from it and its degradation and death penalty, the prayer will be fulfilled which says, "Thy Kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." In other words Messiah's reign will be a period of reconstruction, restitution and resurrection. And when its work shall have been accomplished it will cease.

Pastor Russell saw in verses six and seven a brief description of the great time of trouble and its influences upon humanity. As the scorching sun and great heat would wither a field of grass, so the breath of the Lord, the spirit of righteousness, sent forth will cause the day of trouble, in which all humanity will wither as the grass. But he thanked God for the assurance that of the "times of refreshing" speedily to follow, and reminded the saintly of the promise that although they have trials now, they will escape by the resurrection change many of those troubles coming upon the world. (Acts iii. 19-21; Luke xxi. 36).

The "Day of Doom Much Misunderstood" in next week's Ledger.

Exposed to Temptation.

(Continued from page two.)

equaled by that of her companion, who had the true suburban stride. Three minutes of swift walking, part of it "cross-lots," and the guide said:

"Well, here's where I turn off. You go right on north to the next street. That's Lorland Avenue. Then west for the twenty-one hundreds. Good-night."

Thanking her, Vena hastened on, passing again under the elevated structure, (which here ran east and west), just as an outbound train was leaving the station across the street from her. Despite her haste, she stopped to watch the outcoming throng. Sure enough, there were Fosgate and his posse!

One glance sufficed. She walked the half-block yet remaining to Lorland Avenue, then turned and ran west, scanning house numbers as she ran. "2111—2113—the other side!" Looking back, she saw the coast still clear, and crossed the street and continued hunting the number. "2116—2118—2120!" Up the steps of the trim little house she ran, and rapped loudly and imperiously on the door. A man's voice, which had been mingling with a woman's in earnest converse, stopped instantly; there was silence for a moment which seemed like an age, then footsteps approaching the door. As it was slowly opened Vena cried, "Quick! Let me in! I must——" The elderly lady inside was hesitant with the novelty of the greeting. As she delayed the posse came into sight. "Oh, please!" pleaded the desperate girl. Then as a last chance she gasped, "Go, the back way, quick, Mr. Orem!"

The policemen with Fosgate and Sharp waited not to be asked in, but brushing the women aside, laid heavy hands on Ralph, who had scorned to run.

"I guess you're the young man we're looking for, all right," puffed Fosgate. Then turning to Mrs. Orem, he explained blandly:

"You see, Madam, I'm Fosgate, of Fosgate and Company, and a thousand dollars disappeared from our office to-day, and naturally suspicion fell on our cashier, this young lady, Miss Cosgrove. But she said she had good reasons for thinking your son took the money, and to clear herself she offered to bring us out here, and here we are."

The maligned cashier gave vent to a protest so vehement as to be inarticulate, but Ralph, with her wild warning cry still ringing in his ears, well knew that Fosgate was romancing.

The accused man spoke up calmly. "I haven't got your money, Mr. Fosgate, and I am surprised at this intrusion into our home. Search me, if you like!" he added dramatically.

The officers grinned. "I' hain't lokely got the dough in yer clo'es, waitin' t' be s'arched," sniffed one of them.

Sharp spoke up incisively; "We'll go through you just the same, since you're so willing." Leading him to an adjoining room, they put him through a somewhat less trying ordeal than Vena had endured an hour before.

The search disclosed nothing of import save the receipt of the Safe Deposit Company. Sharp smiled sardonically as he muttered: "Dated to-day! One more link!" Then questioning, "What did you put in that safety box you rented to-day?"

Ralph paled. "Some important papers," he faltered.

"Oh, I see. Thanks for the information. Very definite indeed. And now we'll have a look at those 'important papers.' You'll put on your hat and come with us. The Northern Security Safe Deposit vaults keep open all night. And you'll accompany us too, Miss Cosgrove. We must keep together for the rest of the evening."

At sight of Miss Vena's face Ralph took sudden decision and said quietly, "You are quite right; that missing money is in my box at the vaults. I will get it for you without further trouble if you let Miss Cosgrove go home. Mother, you might give her a bite to eat before she goes. Come on, gentlemen. And good-bye mother."

But Mrs. Orem, who had been staring at Fosgate as though she would bore him through and through with her piercing eyes, turned excitedly to the police.

"Arrest that man!" she commanded. "For fifteen years I have been waiting for this hour!"

Facing Fosgate, she withered him: "You may call yourself Fosgate or Hellgate or any name you like, but you can't fool Jane Orem! You are Harry Jones, who forged that abstract and swindled Mr. Orem out of two thousand dollars in Cincinnati fifteen years ago, and I can easily find three or four other victims to identify you!"

Turning again to the officers, she adjured them: "Don't let him get away! I'll go with you to the station, and put my charges into proper form."

If any doubt had existed as to the truth of her startling accusation, that doubt was dispelled by sight of Fosgate's terror-stricken face. At first he babbled incoherent denials, then slowly recovering control of himself, he begged piteously for mercy.

"Don't ruin me, Mrs. Orem! That thousand dollars that your boy got to-day is yours, all right. Keep it, and interest. Yes, interest. Fifteen years? Another thousand would be about right. I'll write you a check."

Matching the word with action, he drew a check-book and fountain pen from his pocket, wrote and signed a check for two thousand dollars, which he handed to Ralph's mother, saying:

"You needn't fear that I'll stop payment on this check, Mrs. Orem."

"I don't think you will." She smiled scornfully as she accepted it." You couldn't afford to."

Immediately relieved at his escape from arrest, Fosgate beamed jocularly on Sharp and the policemen.

"Well, boys, this is one on me, bringing you way out here. Here's a ten-spot apiece for you. Get yourselves something to eat, and what goes with it, and forget it." And the four faded away.

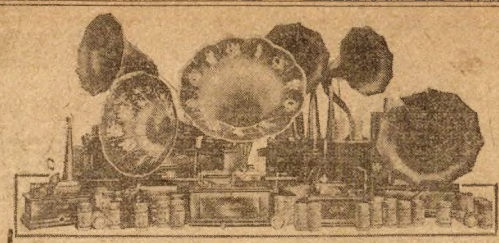
In her joy Mrs. Orem bustled about, adding a few delicacies to her already well-filled table. As Vena joined them at their meal she wondered if she could ever learn to cook so well.

An hour later, rested and happy, Miss Vena Cosgrove was journeying toward her Englewood home, but not alone. Her wish of the long-ago morning was being realized. She and Ralph Orem were rapidly getting acquainted.

It Drew Trade.

Friend—Why do you have such misspelled and ungrammatical signs in your front windows?

Sharp Tradesman—People think I'm a lunge and come in to swindle me. Trade's just booming.



Your Choice of Any of These EDISONS Yes, Free. Shipped positively and absolutely free. FREE

You do not have to pay us a single penny either now or later. We don't ask you to keep the phonograph—we just ask you to accept it as a free loan. We do not even ask you for any deposit or any guarantee, not even any C. O. D. payment to us. All we ask is that you tell us which of the magnificent Edison outfits you prefer so that we can send that one to you on this free loan offer.

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Or, The Trail of Vengeance

(A Story of the Panama Canal and a Long Chase Through South America)

By ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

THE brilliant sun about setting behind a towering peak, showered its last rays in a rain of gold over the imposing outline of a colossal bronze statue, standing solemn and alone in the wilderness of the Rocky Cumbre Pass. One hand extended as in a blessing, the other holding a cross, forces from the most careless passerby an upward look to the noble face, then a sudden feeling of awe and reverence steals over the senses as one recognizes the features of the Redeemer. The Christ of the Andes has produced its usual sensation of wonder and religious ecstasy. There are many statues of the Master in the world, but none as strange as this, standing there alone amid granite peaks, placed there by two Republics, Argentina and Chile, bearing on the base a tablet with the words in Spanish: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

But these things, strange and historical, did not in the least impress the two men standing at the foot of the column, surmounted by a globe on which the statue rests. Both were looking at the road entering the pass, their attitude indicating that they were waiting for some one. Nearby two horses, the foamy flanks of which indicated long and hard driving, were grazing with evident relish.

"Are you sure they haven't passed this post?" suddenly asked the taller of the two men.

"Positive. Martin is with them, and had they passed he would have left some indication of the passage, as he has done at other points along the road."

"How did he manage to accompany them on this trip?" was the next question.

"You know he was acting as porter at the hotel where the Cabrenozas were stopping."

"Yes?"

"Well, when she began to suspect that something was wrong, she had Martin buy her a suit of boy's clothes, and she had him indicate to her some one who could guide them overland to Buenos Aires, should she find her husband desire to undertake the trip. Martin stated that he had a nephew living in the suburbs who would do this willingly, giving her the address when it became possible to bring Harkless his daily report. The night of the dinner, when he saw her leave the hotel in disguise, he guessed that she was going to look for the guide, so, hastening to the address in question, he got there before her there when she came, as he had guessed she would. She bargained with him for the getting of the horses and for his services for the trip, then she returned to the hotel to get her husband, while Martin notified me, giving an outline of the route, stating that he would see to it that they pass this point today, indicating the short cut we have taken, which enabled us to reach here first."

"Could not Cabrenoza have recognized Martin and killed him, then turned back?"

"It is hardly possible. Martin is on his guard, and if there has been any shooting, he has shot first."

"What!" and Dioneza, for it was he, turned with a fierce oath on Smith, "have you not told him that the man's life belongs to me."

"I have," was Smith's tranquil reply, "but I judge Martin by myself. I am willing to obey orders up to the point of giving up my life, but I demand face to face with a desperate man, and I thought he was going to kill me. I believe I would try to be the first to shoot, be the consequence what it may. But I don't think anything of the sort has happened, for Martin is an expert on disguises, that, and the fact that he speaks Spanish like a native, was the reason Harkless took him in on this case. We must have made better time than we thought."

Dioneza did not speak for some time, a deep frown on his brow, then he said more to himself than to his companion:

"Harkless, aided by Garcia, will watch both trains and steamers should they have decided to return to Valparaiso."

"They have not decided to do it, for here they come!" said Smith, as three horsemen appeared at the turn of the pass.

"Hide back here with me," he ordered, pulling Smith aside so that the advancing party could not see them.

Smith was not mistaken, the horsemen were Anita and her husband, with Martin disguised as a half breed Chilian of the lower class. Anita worn out but always brave, rode beside her husband, who sat dark and angry on his horse, thinking, in the discomfort and fatigue of the trip, how foolish he had been to let his love of a pretty face make him risk the jealous rage of a man like Dioneza, and looking at the pale, thin woman beside him, he wondered what he could have seen so wonderfully attractive in her. He did not realize that happiness and misery have different effects on the human face, one beautifies, the other ages and disfigures.

Martin, riding on a little ahead of them to show the way, sensed in the silence of the two what was going on in the heart of each, the ever growing indifference of the man and the suffering of the woman, and his heart went out more and more to Anita, as she endured without a word of complaint both the hardships of the journey and the occasional abuse of her morose companion. When they entered the canyon and she caught sight of the statue of Christ, Anita uttered a startled cry, and pointing to it with a trembling hand, cried:

"Richard, look, look there!"

He reined his horse in sudden terror, asking with a blanching face:

"What is it?"

"A statue of Christ! There, before us! Am I dreaming! Is it really there!"

"Damn you!" he cursed furiously. "You frighten me with your hysterical emotion! I thought you had seen him!"

"But is it really so? Is there a statue in these wilds?"

"Sure. Have you never heard of the Christ of the Andes?" he answered roughly.

"The Christ of the Andes!" she murmured, still dazed, gazing up at the sublime face which the last rays of the setting sun lit up in majestic beauty.

"Come, don't be a fool!" he ordered rudely. "We haven't any time to waste. See, our guide is waiting for us by the statue!" and he touched his horse, Anita almost unconsciously doing the same.

Smith, having seen the horses, knew that Dioneza and one of the detectives were somewhere in hiding. He had, therefore, ridden ahead, and riding around the statue, had located Smith and Dioneza, and advanced in a spirit of warning to them, had ridden a little further, dismounting and waiting for his companions. When they came up to him, he asked in Spanish:

"Shall we rest here for tonight, Senor?"

"That we do," plended Anita, feeling a longing to rest at the foot of that statue, the extended arms of which seemed to call the protection of Heaven upon her, while the shadow of the cross brought to her heart renewed hope and comfort.

For an answer Cabrenoza jumped from his horse, giving the animal to Martin, then advancing to the statue began reading the inscriptions on the base, not even thinking of assisting the woman to alight. Glad that her request had not been refused, Anita did not notice his lack of gallantry, and she jumped half-joyous to the ground. Martin, taking no notice of her horse, as he had done of Cabrenoza's.

Having finished the reading of the inscription on that side, Cabrenzo turned to the other. With a cry of mad terror he came upon Dioneza and Smith, who were awaiting him. Anita, hearing his cry, hastened to see what was the matter, and, coming upon the two men with the same suddenness as had her husband, she stood transfixed and speechless, her eyes staring wildly. The scene only lasted a second, for Dioneza advancing, said:

"Senor Senora Cabrenza, what a surprise! I did not expect to meet you here. Where is the Senora?" feigning not to recognize his former wife in the livid youth who had appeared at Cabrenoza's cry.

Smith did not speak, knowing that his silence would not be noticed; as to Martin, he was still busy with horses, glad to escape the trying scene he knew was being enacted at the foot of the statue. As to Cabrenzo, after his first cry of terror his voice left him completely, and even to save his life he could not have uttered a word. Anita, at Dioneza's question about her, guessing at her disguise had been penetrated here as well as during the awful dinner at Valparaiso. In a flash she saw the uselessness of the struggle; this man with his money could and would follow them everywhere they went. For the space of a second she felt like giving up to her fate without further struggle, the next her indomitable energy forced her to make one last desperate appeal to the man she had so deeply injured, and who was taking his revenge with such refined cruelty. Advancing resolutely to him, she said boldly:

"Masks off, Miguel Dioneza!" Let us come to an understanding. What do you intend doing with us?"

"What do you mean, and who are you?" asked Dioneza, feigning surprise, wishing to be sure that the woman meant before he answered her.

"You know what I mean, and you also know that I am Anita Mendoza, your former wife; you know that I went under the name of Cabenza at Valparaiso. Now tell me what you want with me. Is it my life? Then take it quick, but let this torture end. I can stand it no longer!"

Cabrenoza was leaning weakly against the flanks of the statue. He had not recovered from one fright when Anita's sudden outbreak plunged him into another. Why should she thus reveal herself to their enemy? Why did she give up the struggle thus? Dioneza had listened to her outburst without a word. Now that she paused, he answered slowly:

"You are right, madam, I have recognized you both here and in Valparaiso, but for personal reasons I did not care to make known the fact. I do not want your life, but rather the destruction of your happiness, as you have destroyed mine. It is not my intention to destroy the body but to torture the soul. You want to know when this will end? I can only answer that it will continue as long as one of you two lives. As you see, I am frank."

"Mercy!" she pleaded, half wildly, the merciless accents of his voice filling her with terror as did the spoken words.

"You had no mercy when you ruined my life and destroyed my honor. As you did so shall you be done by."

She looked about her wildly, seeking for help, then her eyes encountered the statue. She rushed to Dioneza and with superhuman strength pulled him so that he faced the Christ, then pointing to the divine face which one last ray of sunlight lit up in golden splendor, she cried:

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He died, I entreat for pardon!" and she dropped on her knees before him, breathless with emotion and pleading.

Smith and Cabrenoza had followed them, drawn by curiosity which was greater than the reserve of the one and the terror of the other, and now moved and touched by the intensity of the scene, they waited for his verdict.

Dioneza looked from the kneeling woman to the bronze figure of the Redeemer. For an instant a wave of emotion changed the tenseness of his sternly set face, the next it had passed, and in his hardest, most unbending voice he answered:

"There is no pardon for such as you."

She rose to her feet, and still pointing to the impassive statue, cried:

"Remember what He said: 'Let him who is sinless among you cast the first stone!'"

"I was ever sinless toward you. Neither in deed nor in thought was I false to my oaths of love," he said.

She backed from him in sudden terror as she realized that nothing could move him. Hoarsely she asked:

"Then what are you going to do with us? At least tell us our fate! As well know the worst at once!"

"From now until death, maybe afterward, if it is possible, I will haunt your life, follow you wherever you go, be it to hell itself!" was his verdict.

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CHAPTER XVII.
DESERTED.

Early the following morning, after a night spent in vain planning to escape the avenging and relentless husband, the Cabrenozas decided to return to Valparaiso, both dreading the overland journey with the terrible Dioneza following in their wake. Amid crowded streets, in the burly-burly of civilization, there would be more chance of escape than along the deserted mountain roads of Chile or the vast pampas of Argentina. The return to Valparaiso was affected without incidents, the two hostile camps keeping the same distance from each other. If Anita, made nervous by the ever-pursuing sound of horses' hoofs behind her, lashed her own horse to a breakneck speed, Dioneza and Smith did likewise and the distance between the two remained the same.

Martin, as he watched the woman's flowerlike face become paler and more despairingly sad, as he heard Cabrenoza's curses and reproaches, felt his heart go out to her in sympathy, until at times he was tempted to offer to aid her evade her pursuers. But always the thought of Dioneza's wealth and power stopped him. He was young, he had his way to make, and he could not afford to be sentimental.

In Valparaiso Anita resumed her female attire, feeling it would be useless to try to evade Dioneza. For the next few days, while husband and wife were trying to decide on their future course of action, everywhere they went, either singly or together, they met Dioneza. He would address a cold bow to them, and would remain looking at them with such persistence that they were forced to seek the retreat of their room, unable to long support the fixed look of those merciless eyes. At meal time, no matter where they ate, he was there, seated at a nearby table. If of an evening Cabrenoza sought to try his luck at cards or at the roulette table, there stood his enemy looking at him until the brain numbed by terror could not think out successful combinations, and Cabrenoza would lose ceaselessly. One night when the losses were bigger than usual, he returned to the hotel and said to his wife:

"This has got to end. Tomorrow we take a steamer for Buenos Aires. There we will cash our drafts and make our escape."

"Can we?" she asked discouraged.

"We must," he replied grimly, "even if I have to kill him to obtain freedom."

Taking every possible precaution to avoid notice, they boarded a steamer the next morning, and hiding in their cabin, they waited anxiously for the start, hoping that they had escaped their tormentor. In vain. The first person they met when they had stepped on deck after the vessel was out in mid-ocean was Dioneza. Smith was by his side, Martin and Harkless having gone to Buenos Aires by rail to prepare for the coming of the fugitives.

The night following the departure, Cabrenoza was taken violently seasick because of the rough seas. Thinking he had been poisoned, he lay on his berth cursing the half-frantic Anita, blaming her for everything. She tried to go for help, but just then a terrific storm struck them, and there between the sick man whom she thought to be dying, and the howling of the tempest, she passed the night.

What a night! The ship of seven thousand tons was pounded as with an anvil, tossed like a chip, chased by huge seas astern, struck obliquely by mountain-like waves, caught horizontally and spun around like a top. Every minute, kneeling by her groaning and cursing husband, Anita awaited death, calling it from the depths of her soul. She was so tired of the struggle, so weary and heart-sick, that she longed for the rest that knows no waking. Toward morning a strange feeling crept over her. The storm had partly ceased, yet there was a rushing sound in her ears; her eyes became dim, her muscles relaxed, and with a tired sigh, like a child falling asleep, she fainted dead away.

A few moments later Cabrenoza, calling her, received no reply. He partly rose on his elbow and saw her outstretched upon the floor. He leaped out of bed. Her hands and face were cold. He felt for the heart; it seemed to have ceased to beat. Frightened, he rushed from the room calling for help.

The ship's doctor had Anita placed on her berth, and soon under his treatment she revived, but was too weak to rise.

"The lady will have to remain in bed for several days," announced the doctor to the husband, before leaving him. "She is suffering from a general breakdown, brought to a climax by last night's storm."

Men of Cabrenoza's type love a woman as long as she is well and full of life, but they tire of her the minute illness strikes her down. For the first two days of Anita's illness, Cabrenoza was indifferently good to her, but after that he became impatient and rough, blaming her for her illness, saying that she seemed to take pleasure in annoying him, until the poor woman would beg him to go on deck and enjoy himself, preferring the long hours of solitude to his bitter complaints. So he would leave her, at first for an hour or two, then for half a day at a time. For some time now he had been nursing a plan, but hesitated to carry it out, there being a speck of manhood still left in him. Anita's illness however, decided him.

The ship had passed the lighthouse which marks the Evangelist Islands, or Islands of Direction, as they are sometimes called, and had entered the Strait of Magellan, and the rough seas had become gentler, the ocean seeming like a rolling, gently swelling prairie. Cabrenoza continued to meet Dioneza every time he came on deck, but his terror of the man was becoming less. If his plan worked, he soon would no longer need be afraid of him.

The Desolation Islands and their great snowfields were sighted, and by midday the land on either side seemed quite close, the channel not appearing to be more than a quarter of a mile across. All of that afternoon, Cabrenoza remained on deck, thinking, unconscious of the flight of time, forgetful of the suffering woman in the cabin below. A black night, a night without a star, settled over sky and water, the ship groping for anchorage like a blind man. Still Cabrenoza remained at his place. The gentler swaying of the ship at anchor seemed to awake him to reality. He stood up, squared his shoulders, murmuring half-aloud:

"Tomorrow I will speak to him."

Anita Mendoza's fate had been sealed.

The next morning, Cabrenoza meeting

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Dioneza as usual, went boldly up to him saying:

"I wish to speak to you alone."

Dioneza motioned to Smith, who walked away, surprised and wondering.

"Well?" asked Dioneza after a silence.

Brutally Cabrenoza stated his offer:

"Would you cease to pursue me if I abandoned her, left her never to see her again?"

Dioneza did not at once reply. He was thinking which way would assure him the crueler revenge on the woman who had betrayed him, and judging from his own suffering at her desertion, he saw in a flash that she would endure similar pangs if Cabrenoza, the doom she loved, abandoned her. In a minute his mind was made up.

"Yes," he answered.

"Swear it on the Christ."

"I swear it."

"Then I shall leave her at the first stop, Punta Arenas, I believe."

"Wait," ordered Dioneza. "If I accept your offer, I shall expect you to leave her when and in the manner I shall dictate."

"I am at your service; only I must have proofs that you will cease to torment me."

"You have the word of a Spanish gentleman and the oath of a Christian. That should be enough," coldly replied Dioneza. "Besides, if I fail to keep my part of the contract, you need not keep yours. The charming Anita will always be willing to take you back."

"I believe that," asserted Cabrenoza with unparalleled vanity. Then, without a quiver of conscience, he asked, "When do you want me to leave her?"

"At Buenos Aires, after you have cashed your drafts. I want her left destitute in a strange country."

"Suit yourself," answered the man indifferently. "I abandon her entirely to you."

"All right. I will have Smith give you my order before reaching Buenos Aires, as I do not want you to speak to me again, for you are a disgrace to mankind," and with this uncontrollable outburst of contempt and indignation, Dioneza left the man, who, after robbing him of his honor, was trying to take vengeance for outraged honor by torturing the faithless wife.

Cabrenoza, though somewhat abashed by Dioneza's last remark, soon forgot it. What did he care what any one thought if he only left Anita alone? For less shrewd than Dioneza, he had not counted on Anita's Spanish blood to crave revenge for his abandonment. Dioneza could safely promise to cease to pursue his enemy, sure as he was that the latter would take up the task, and that the guilty pair would fitly finish his venegance in a deadly conflict in which one or both would find death.

Two days before the landing at Buenos Aires, Anita was able to come on deck. She was still pitifully white and weak, but life and health were slowly returning to the worn-out frame. Smith, seeing her, could not help being sorry, knowing as he did that within a few days the unfortunate woman would be left alone and almost penniless in a strange city.

The day after the landing, Cabrenoza, having handed all of his effects, received a message from Smith to meet him at the Grand Hotel that afternoon at two o'clock. At the appointed time Cabrenoza was admitted to Smith's room. Smith, who knew all those who knew of the man's treatment of Anita, despised him, said with scarcely a word of greeting:

"Senor Dioneza wants you to leave this very afternoon. Transportation has been secured for you to Rio de Janeiro on the San Paulo, which leaves in an hour. After reaching Rio de Janeiro you will be free to go where you please. Copy this letter which I will have sent the senora after your departure." And he handed Cabrenoza a pencilled note, showing him at the same time a table with writing material.

Cabrenoza sat down and wrote the following:

"Anita: I am tired of you and of the haunted life we are leading. I therefore leave you forever, hoping that your former husband's vengeance will cease with our separation. He loved you, once; you might try winning him back. I will give you your divorce whenever you wish. I inclose herewith a few banknotes to help you until you can arrange your plans for the future. Good-by. CABRENOZA."

When he had finished writing the letter, Smith ordered:

"Address it, and never mind the money, we will tend to that."

Cabrenoza did as he was bid, Smith calling Garcia who entered as silently as usual:

"Take this to your master," he said, giving him the letter, "and tell him we are on our way to the wharves."

Garcia left the room, and Smith turned to Cabrenoza saying:

"We have only half an hour to make the steamer. I will see you as far as the docks."

Half an hour later Cabrenoza was on his way to Rio de Janeiro, with Harkless in the cabin next to his, carrying out Dioneza's instructions, which were simply to shadow Cabrenoza and know where he would locate in Rio de Janeiro, trying at the same time to win the man's confidence and know something of his plans for the future. Thus was Anita Mendoza abandoned by the man for whose sake she had sacrificed everything.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OATH.

One hour after Cabrenoza's departure, and as the waves steaming rapidly away, Anita returned to the Royal Hotel where she and her husband had stopped since reaching Buenos Aires. She had gone to visit a church, and was returning refreshed and helped by her communion with God. As she entered, she gave a start of surprise. There before her stood Martin. Her first impulse was to hasten to him with extended hand, but his careless, indifferent glance caused her to remember that she was wearing a disguise at the time of their first meeting, and that therefore he had not recognized her. She decided not to betray her identity and after a slight hesitation, walked on. She had gone but a few steps when she was stopped by an old man who politely raised his cap, asking:

"Senora Cabrenoza?"

"Yes?" she replied, for she and Cabrenoza had registered under their real names, sure as they were that it would be useless to try to evade their enemy.

"The senor asked me to give you this letter after he was gone," said the man, as he handed the startled and already frightened Anita the letter Smith had forced Cabrenoza to write.

She took it with trembling fingers, those words "after he was gone," filling her with unreasoning terror. She asked hoarsely, afraid to open the letter:

"Do you know where he went?"

"No, senora, not exactly. He was going in the direction of the docks."

"The docks!" Like a flash a part of the awful truth dawned upon her. She tore open the letter and read hurriedly. Then she read it again. With the second reading the full realization of her abandonment came to her like a blow. She staggered blindly forward for a few steps, then dropped to the floor like one dead.

Martin was the first to reach her, having expected something of the sort. He lifted her in his arms, asking the excited clerk to indicate to him the lady's room; he would carry her up. A doctor was summoned at once, and for over an hour he worked over the unconscious woman, Martin remaining in the room, anxious and moved by the pale face and closed eyes of Dioneza's victim. At last life returned, the eyelids quivered, then opened. Anita looked first at the doctor, then her eyes fell on Martin, and she remembered all. She sat up, her eyes wide open, glittering with madness:

"Give me that letter?" she demanded hoarsely.

Martin looked at the doctor. He nodded assent and the young man handed Anita the letter, still feigning not to recognize her. Feverishly she read it over again, then leaped to her feet, anger, rage and despair bringing back strength to her. Turning on on the doctor, she ordered briefly:

"Please leave me. I wish to be alone with this gentleman. I am all right again."

Astonished, the doctor bowed and left the room. Anita, her cheeks burning red, her eyes bright with an inward fever, her bosom heaving, turned upon Martin, saying in hurried, breathless tones:

"Mr. Martin, look at me and see whether you do not recognize me."

Martin did as he was bid, feigning surprise, then slowly answered, as he shook his head:

"I can't say that I do, though—let me see —no, I am mistaken—the lady was a decided blonde as to the hair, though the eyes were dark as Spain's."

"You are not mistaken," interrupted Anita. "I am the Senora Giberza you met on the steamer."

"Impossible!" he cried, but again she interrupted.

"Be seated. I will tell you all," she ordered, and he obeyed, guessing what she was going to tell him.

Then in short, hurried sentences, with scarcely a pause for breath, she told the story of her life. Her gypsy mother, her own birth upon a highway of Spain, her youth with the tribe, her mother's death, her escape from the gypsy camp, her début as a dancer and the wonderful success which had followed it, the American tour and her first meeting with Cabrenoza when she was scarce seventeen, his love-making and her fall, the death of his wife, her marriage to Dioneza, her lonely life on the Texas ranch, her second meeting with Cabrenoza, the man's fatal influence over her, and her elopement with him, the meeting at the Villa del Rosa with the avenging husband, her forced marriage to Cabrenoza, their attempt to flee from the disgrace caused by that marriage, and Dioneza's ceaseless pursuit ever since. She told everything in detail, accompanying her words with febrile gestures, her voice from time to time rising shrill and high in anger, to break the next minute in a half-sob of shame, of regret or of pain. Then she cried:

"And this man for whose sake I have sacrificed everything, who took advantage first of my youth, later of my love, has now abandoned me with only a farewell letter and a few banknotes, has left me to face poverty and shame alone. He has gone I know not where, but I now swear before the living God to find him, wherever he is, he it in hell itself, and there avenge my wrong! Will you help me?"

"I!" That demand which was just what Dioneza had ordered him to obtain, brought Martin to his feet.

"Yes, you. I have from the first read sympathy in your eyes, sometimes admiration. It is to that sympathy and to that admiration I now appeal. I must know where he is. I must track him down. To do this I need a man—one who can go to places where I would not be admitted, one who can make inquiries of people I could not meet. Don't refuse me, Mr. Martin, don't abandon me. Help me with your experience, and in exchange ask what you will; it will be granted you."

Never had Anita appeared so beautiful as at this moment, never was she more temptingly alluring. Martin guessed the meaning of her last words and his heart beat faster, but the next minute he realized that to take advantage of his anger and despair would be cowardly and unmanly. He hesitated for the space of a second, then answered her, his voice betraying but little of the battle which he had just waged with himself.

"I will aid you to locate your husband, Mrs. Cabrenoza, aid you because I pity you, not because I shall expect any reward for the service. What do you want me to do?"

She thanked him with a look, then answered:

"I first must know if he really left the city and where he went. I must see him face to face once more, then—"

She did not finish, but the look of her eye, the sound of her voice expressed her meaning. Only blood could satisfy her wounded pride and outraged love. Martin answered:

"That will not be difficult, I am sure. I will make inquiries at once, and leaving, he left her, hastening to Dioneza to report.

Once alone, she dropped exhausted on a chair, and there she remained for a long time, her eyes fixed darkly on the floor, her brain alive with burning thoughts of revenge and hatred. As much as she had loved Cabrenoza she now hated him, and she took a fiendish joy in planning the cruelest of tortures, both mental and physical, to which the man should be subjected. Suddenly she rose to her feet, went to the dresser and picked up a small crucifix. This she held before her; then, with her eyes fixed on it and her hand extended above this emblem of the Christ, she murmured:

"I swear to haunt him from now until death!" and replacing the crucifix, she added with a half-mad laugh: "That way, I can more effectually avenge myself. I am weak enough to let the love of the past return to life."

When Martin returned he found her cold

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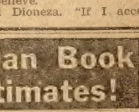

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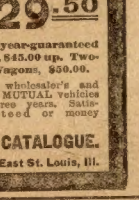

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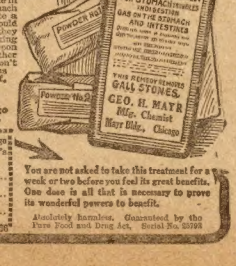

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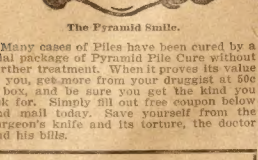

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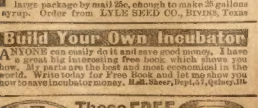

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and calm, with that terrible stony calm which comes after a great grief. He told her that Cabrenoza had taken passage on the San Paulo bound for Rio de Janeiro.

"When does the next steamer leave?" she asked.

"Would it not be better to go by rail?" suggested Martin, following the instructions Dioneza had just given him before departing for Rio de Janiero. "You can reach there ahead of him, for he has taken passage on a slow-going coaster, which makes stops at every small port along the coast."

Anita's eyes flashed. She would be in Rio ahead of her husband; therefore there would be no chance of his escaping her.

"Then when does the next train leave?" she asked.

He stated the hour. She extended her hand in thanks, adding:

"I never can thank you enough for what you have done for me. I of course will not presume further on your kindness by asking you to accompany me that far. Good-by."

"There is no need of saying good-by just yet, Senora, as my personal business calls me to Rio. With your permission I will see you there safely."

She flashed toward him a half-suspicious look, but since nothing in the young man's frank, open face gave her any grounds for her momentary doubt, she was delighted to think that his valuable assistance would not yet be taken from her.

"I am glad you are coming, as I do not know Rio, and would not know where to go. This is surely not your first trip there?" she said.

"Oh, no," laughed Martin. "I know Rio as well as I do New York." In which he told the truth, having spent six months in the city some two years before tracking down a defaulting bank cashier.

That night Anita was on her way to Rio de Janeiro while on the ocean steamer Cabrenoza was thanking his stars that he was rid of the woman he had once loved, but of whom he was now so tired.

CHAPTER XIX.
THE MASKED DANCER.

On reaching Rio de Janeiro, Martin assisted Anita to secure suitable apartments, then he bade her good-by, saying his business would call him away from the city for a few days, but promising to come to see her as soon as he returned. Leaving her, he hastened to make his report to Dioneza. He found him with Smith, whose influence over the Spaniard was becoming stronger every day. In Smith, Dioneza had found the unscrupulous man he wanted, while Smith found in Dioneza the money he had always craved. Harkless was now a secondary matter. He knew nothing of the Spaniard's secret plans, while Smith was both confidant and assistant. This was the reason why Dioneza had insisted that the older detective be the one to follow Cabrenoza, as to do this he did not wish to know any of Dioneza's plans for the future.

When Martin had made his report, Dioneza thought a minute, then asked:

"You say she told you she was a former dancer?"

"Yes."

"Do you know how much money she has left?"

"Scarcely enough to pay her expenses for the coming week unless she has resources of which I am ignorant."

"She hasn't any. You told her you were leaving the city as I ordered?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long are you supposed to be away?"

"A week or ten days."

"Very well. Sit at that table and write what I dictate."

Martin did as he was told and waited pen in hand. Dioneza thought a minute, then began slowly with an occasional pause to give Martin time to write out the spoken words:

"Dear Senora: After leaving you I chanced to meet with a former friend, Mr. Isaac Levi, formerly of New York City, now of Rio. He has recently bought a vaudeville house and secret hail and is looking for talent. As you had told me of your past success as a dancer, I spoke to him about you, without, of course, giving either your name or address. He wishes me to tell you that if you make good with his patrons he is ready to be very generous in regard to salary, being especially in need of a dancing act. I inclose herewith his card with his address, in case you would care to consider something of this sort while you are awaiting the arrival of a certain person.

"As I knew you would not care to have your presence in Rio known, I told him that if you considered his offer it would be with the understanding that you would be allowed to appear masked. This appealed to his American ideas of advertising, and knowing well that the more mystery about an actor the more the public wants to see that actor, he will be more than willing to let you have your way in this matter.

"I hope you will pardon me, but I have guessed from the way you have spoken, that your financial condition might be better, and hated to leave you for almost a week without making some provision for you. Should you be in need, you can at least borrow of Mr. Levi. I will see you immediately upon my return. Sincerely yours—"

When he finished writing, Martin looked up questioningly. Dioneza did not see fit to answer the unspoken question for he said:

"Sign and address the letter. I will see to its being mailed."

Martin obeyed, then rose, waiting further orders.

"You will continue to shadow the senora. Assume any disguise you wish, only be sure she does not recognize you, or my plan would fail."

"She will not know me, I can promise you."

"Very well, make your report here every morning between seven and eight. I know the senora well enough to be sure she will be safely in bed at that hour." And Dioneza smiled bitterly.

Martin took his leave, wondering what new scheme was being hatched in the Spaniard's brain. Smith was wondering also, for when the door closed on Martin he turned to Dioneza with the question:

"Who is this theatrical manager, Isaac Levi?"

"You."

"I?"

"Yes. Yesterday I secured a lease on the Paz in Isaac Levi's name; tomorrow Isaac Levi will take possession. Before the end of the week, by extensive advertising, the Paz will be the most talked of vaudeville theater in Rio, and if, as I am sure we will, we have the attraction of the mysterious masked dancer, it will also be the best patronized."

"I understand," and Smith shot an admiring look at Dioneza. "You want to greet the Senor Cabrenoza with the surprise of finding his wife dancing in a third-rate theater."

"Yes. You can surely assume the disguise necessary to impersonate the manager?"

"Sure," laughed Smith. "I have the Jew beak as it is."

Garcia entered at this moment and handed Dioneza a small packange and was leaving the room when his master ordered:

"Wait, Garcia."

Opening the package, Dioneza drew out a card, throwing the others to Smith, saying:

"There are your business cards."

He folded Martin's letter, placed it in the envelope with one of the cards, sealed it and handed it to Garcia with the order:

"Deliver this at once."

Garcia left the room to carry out the order, and Dioneza turned once more to Smith:

"You must be at your office tomorrow morning as the senora may come any time."

"What am I to do with the people who will come on general business—actors, singers and so forth?"

"Act the part out as best you can. Hire those you think fit to fill out the bills. I have retained as assistant the private secretary of the former manager; he will give you the needed pointers. I don't think you will need carry out the farce very long—two weeks maybe three."

When Anita received Martin's letter, she was in the depths of despair and worry. She had counted her money and had seen with terror that she had scarcely enough to pass the week, and she was wondering how she could manage to wait until Cabrenoza landed in Rio. Dioneza had planned and executed everything to perfection. He had figured expenses to a penny, and had given in Cabrenoza's farewell letter just enough to bring the young woman to Rio. Then he knew he had her. She would have to do what he wished of her or starve.

She read the letter over a second time, tears of relief and gratitude coming to her eyes. She turned the card over several times in her hand thoughtfully. Then rising, she cried half-aloud:

"Why not!"

She moved back the furniture from the center of the room and lifting the trailing skirts of her house gown, tried some of her former steps, her eyes becoming brighter, her cheeks flashing rosy as she discovered that she was as limber and graceful as of old, and she thanked her love of the art which had caused her, during the years she had been Cabrenoza's wife, to keep up her daily practices. She could dance that very night without either fatigue or stiffness.

"I will see him tomorrow," she decided, and more calm, less worried about her material welfare, she gave herself up to the thought of her coming revenge on the man who had abandoned her.

The debut of the mysterious masked dancer created a great stir in Rio. Every paper was full of her. Everybody commented upon her. Supposition after supposition was offered, accepted, then rejected for another. One day she was a lady of noble birth, the next she was a pardoned convict who did not want her identity known. Some said she must be disfigured, others claimed she was a beauty, but had concealed her face because of a jealous husband. And Anita danced on, finding in her work, in the cheers of the crowd, an intoxication, which, while it did not make her forget either her outraged love or her coming vengeance, brought a certain relief to her overstrung nerves.

Smith acted his part of theatrical manager to perfection. He secured good talent to fill out the weekly bills, with Anita, of course, as a headliner, until the Paz became the best paying theater in Rio, some nights standing room being sold at a

(Continued on page eighteen.)

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A man often deserves praise for doing his duty.

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It isn't always the hit dog that does the most howling.

When Cupid shoots an arrow his victim feels the quiver.

Sooner or later the chronic kicker will kick himself out.

All the world's a stage, but only a few of us get the spotlight.

All the world loves a lover—with the exception of his rival.

Any husband who is made good by nagging will bear watching.

Nothing sobers a miser quicker than to find that money is tight.

To be at peace with your neighbors often means war with yourself.

The proud peacock of today may be only a feather duster tomorrow.

It's easier for a woman to mend her husband's clothes than his ways.

The man who is the first to give advice is usually the last to take it.

Many a man who coals a spade shovels his food in with a knife.

Every man is born with a backbone, but matrimony sometimes removes it.

Ever notice how polite a man is when he wants to let you loan him money?

A woman may not be able to vote, but she possesses a strong veto power.

Some men answer the call of duty only when it makes a noise like a dollar.

A young widow doesn't think much of a man who attempts to kiss her—and fails.

In buying typewriter ribbons it is necessary to specify whether they are for her or it.

You can't interest a normal woman in styles at the time her first baby is cutting teeth.

Every man has a place in this busy old world, but a lot of us have trouble in locating it.

A fortune awaits the inventor of a camera that will photograph a woman as she thinks she looks.

It may be all right to laugh and grow fat, but when people begin to call you "Fatty," it's no laughing matter.

Marriage is apt to be a failure when both husband and wife throw away the bait they used in catching each other.

He is a noble husband who accepts the cigars his wife bought for him, destroys them one at a time, and says nothing.

After a girl has been engaged three or four times she finds it almost as exciting as a man does when he gets his hair cut.

The horse power of an automobile may sometimes be judged by the number of horses required to haul it to the repair shop.

ADRIFT ON AN ICEBERG;

Or, THE ARCTIC WARRIORS

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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CHAPTER XII.

THE SHIP BURNER.

RUEL had seized upon the situation quickly. The light on the Peggy's deck was not that of a lantern and no same man would build a flare in such a wind, even if there was need of it. Only one explanation remained, and it was that the vessel was on fire.

The mate acted promptly. Shouting the alarm in a clear, distance-piercing cry that might have carried to the topmost in the stiffest gale, he rushed recklessly down the berg.

"Fire, fire, fire!"

He shouted, but even as he went he had time to think. The utmost precautions had been taken to prevent accidental flames in the Peggy, and the remaining possibility was clear.

That fire was incendiary!

His cry had carried to the lookouts below, and before he was down they were repeating the alarm at the door of the chambers. Ruel stumbled at one place, fell and ended by sliding to the ravine, but he was unharmed and bounced to his feet. Speeding to the ladder that still dangled from the Peggy's side he sprang upward along the swaying hemp and gained the deck.

Davy Weed piled along at his heels with equal liveliness.

"The blaze is under decks, sir!" cried that sailor.

"Pray Providence she is not all wrapped in flames!"

The mate had reached the companionway, which was the exit for the visible smoke. It came up thick and dark, with a smell of wool that gripped nauseously at the nostrils, and a more timid man would have stayed his progress there, but Ruel was not that sort. Unhesitatingly he plunged into that cloud of smoke, treading the companion steps as boldly as if nothing wrong was afoot. And where he went Davy followed.

When the cabin was reached it looked as if everything there had turned to brassy air. The light from the fire colored the smoke to that hue, but the pall was almost as opaque as night. Look where he would, Ruel could not distinguish what he wanted to locate.

"Where's the fire?" gurgled Davy, choking with the smoke.

"Come on!"

The mate plunged forward, but go where he might no flames licked at his feet. Thoroughly true to nature, the source of trouble was hard to find. Meanwhile, the breathing grew oppressive.

"The staterooms!" gasped the leader. "Try them!"

Acting on his own suggestion he moved to the starboard, reached a door he could not see, and then found something hot biting his extended hand. The room was ablaze.

Now the light was easier seen, and he exercised both his vision and touch and found that the berth was vomiting flames. The carpeter appeared, panting.

"Here's a rug—"

"Throw it across the berth and beat for your life."

The cast was made and the two men pounded and hammered. All water in the ship had turned to ice, and that aid was lacking. The rug they had luckily found was woolen, and one of the best aids they could have secured. Under their efforts the blaze rose less at that point, but their endurance was being severely tested.

Now, however, other men were in the cabin, and shouts arose from all sides. Every tar was eager to do his part, and Ruel was reaching the point when he would gladly have surrendered his place to somebody else while he gulped in one breath of pure air, but all hands were abruptly shouldered aside by a newcomer.

"Let me there!" was the demand. "I'll soon put it out!"

The speaker was Tony Cash, always considered the least valuable man aboard, but Tony had an idea and had carried it out. Reaching the stateroom, he dumped a huge box of lately fallen snow upon the berth.

"Guess that will do it!" he exclaimed.

Oddly enough, it did it. Events proved that, as far as below decks was concerned, the blaze was confined to one room, and the bulk of snow, which would have amounted to nothing in the face of a serious fire, went a long way toward extinguishing the flames. Tony's little device had a charm suited to the magnitude of the trouble, and the victory was made complete by combined efforts.

Ruel had not waited to see the last of the fight, but, barely able to keep his feet, he had staggered to the companion and so on upward to the deck. There he found air enough, and he breathed it in gratefully, gagging and sickening with the smoke that left his lungs sullenly.

In so short time he was almost wholly himself, but then he remembered something else.

"There must be fire elsewhere!" he exclaimed. "A light was visible on deck, and it would not have come from the room below."

"Reckon I can explain that, sir," replied Jerry Boxx. "There was a bit of blaze nigh the coaming of the hatch. Guess an atom of stuff floated up the companion an' struck in a litter of shavin's. I've put that out an' we are all hunky-dory!"

So it proved. The blaze had not extended far enough to get a deadly grasp upon the Dancing Peggy, and in due time all danger was over, and the clearing away of the smoke progressing as well as could be expected. It was then that Captain Drake drew Ruel aside.

"What do you make of this matter, Mr. Taylor?" he asked seriously.

"Frankly, sir, it seems impossible that carelessness caused it. Our orders against that thing have been strict, and why should any man smoke below when he has ample chance elsewhere? Again, the cabin lamp still swings from its beam. Why should anybody take a light into the stateroom when the cabin would furnish all that was wanted?"

"I follow you. You think this blaze was incendiary."

"I do, sir."

"Yet, how could one of Tom Minker's crew enter here? We have had guards about in numbers. No interloper could mount to the deck."

"But—but—what then?"

Despite the cold the captain ventured to bare his head in order to scratch that seat of ideas and quicken his wits.

"It looks—yet, it's absurd—but it really looks as if the firebug was one of our own crew!"

"It does so look, sir, but—why, who would be so savage as to do it? What man would burn his own ship, when it means so much to him?"

"Nobody, Mr. Taylor, and yet—well what are we to think?"

"Beg your pardon, sir," said a voice beside them. "I didn't intend to listen, but the wind bore your words my way. Mr. Taylor, sir, do you remember that, when the old Peggy was afloat, I told you somebody had stole my best auger, an' that we both allowed that such a thing generally

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We Paid $100,000

For the right to Liquocide, after thousands of tests had been made with it. After its power had been demonstrated for more than two years in the most difficult germ cases. Conditions which had resisted medicine for years yielded at once to it, and diseases considered incurable were cured.

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meant that a scoundrel wanted to scuttle the ship?"

"Thunder!" cried Drake. "I now recall, Mr. Taylor, that you reported something of the kind, but I thought the matter trivial and soon forgot it. What was it, anyhow?"

"Simply that Davy's auger disappeared and we both thought it odd. We had heard of similar cases where some knave had planned to scuttle a ship. Has the auger come to light, Davy?"

"Yes, sir, I found it hidden under the long-boat."

"Merely a joke upon you, carpenter, I think," commented the captain. "This fire is no joke, however. The plain fact is that we have among our crew a man who sympathizes with Minker's party, and he tried to burn the Peggy."

"But why, sir?"

"To destroy our oil below decks."

"You know best, sir," said Davy defferentially, "but if I were that same man I'd plot to steal the oil rather than burn it."

Ruel said nothing then, but he was not so well satisfied with the skipper's theory. The wooden part of the Peggy might be needed for fuel before spring, and it might stand between even the rival whalers and death from cold. Why burn the ship for the sake of destroying the oil in the tanks? It did not look like a sensible step.

Drake questioned both his companions for some time, trying to get light, but nothing came of it. Neither of them had the slightest suspicion as to the identity of the firebug.

"We have got to find him!" declared the captain. "He has hit at us once, and may strike again. An unknown traitor in our own party is more dangerous than all of Minker's gang. Unless we can detect him, he may deal us a fatal blow. If we are deprived of our stores, we are all dead men!"

"I'll make it my business to watch for him," said Ruel quickly.

"You shall have help. Three of us are in the secret now, and I'll confide in Solon Wing and Jerry Boxx. That will make five watchers."

With this Drake turned away and the subject was dropped. Strict search was made of the whole vessel, especially such parts of the hold as could be come at, but it seemed that all danger from "fire was past. The one stateroom in which the blaze had been was not materially injured, the walls simply being scorched and the few blankets burned, so Davy was left there as a lookout and the others returned to the chambers in the ice.

Dorothy and Mary had been in the ship during the excitement, but with the cold increasing and the snow falling almost in clouds, even they were glad to get into snug quarters.

Ruel was little the worse for his trying experience, and when he was in his blanket he would speedily have fallen asleep but for two things. First, the ventilators of the refuge brought to his hearing the roaring of the wind, and he knew that a thick white cover would rest upon the berg before morning. The time of the year was at hand when almost constant snows were to be expected, and the bitterest of weather. Chiefly, however, his thoughts dwelt upon the recent fire. It was a troublesome affair. The Peggy had barely been saved from destruction, and the firebug was among her crew, his identity unknown.

When and how would he strike next?

Pulling asleep gradually, the mate had several hours of sound rest, but finally had a dream in which he walked into a ravine and saw all of the crew of the Sea Pilot lying stiff and dead, frozen and fearful to the sight. He awoke in a mighty start, but was soon in that blissful frame of mind that follows discovery that one has met with his worries only in dreamland. Nevertheless, those fellows were a cankering sore to his mind. Knew that they were, they were whalers, a part of whom had borne fairly good reputations, and he did not doubt that some were thoroughly honest.

What were they doing then? Were they fed? Were they housed? Were they living?

Unable to answer his mental queries, he lay sleepless until the usual hour for rising, and then, after the fire-tender had gone, the entrance had been constructed well above the level of the ravine, to make it always accessible, but even this precaution had failed that night. Snow was banked against the door, and only repeated effort opened the way.

When he succeeded Ruel looked upon a changed world. The downfall had been so great, and the wind so violent, that the ravine was filled to the brim. Word had been sent by the lookouts that more snow lay there, and it was added to every minute. Powdery grains were driving missile-like from the heavens and the gale swept them down the side of Castle Columbus to fall with already great accumulation. Roaring, biting, shrieking, the wind plunged along, and it was a wild, desolate and repelling view.

Anxious for the lookouts, he started to go to them, but at the first fall of his feet something stirred under him and then a human arm rose feebly above the snow. A living creature was at the door, buried, perhaps near death, but still gifted with the breath of life.

Who was there? What mystery of the storm had he developed?

This story develops a strange series of thrilling situations, and will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISITORS COME.

Startled, Ruel grew active at once. Scooping the snow away with a hasty movement he next laid hold of the writhing something and lifted hard. A man was revealed, snow-coated, helpless, with closed eyes and dangling head, and he was no member of the Dancing Peggy's crew. One dread vanished, but the mate was awake to his responsibilities. He dragged the stranger into the open door and called for help.

With a couple of sailors to aid him, they presently had the unconscious person fully within the shelter. There was now no motion from him, and the remark of Miah Long was natural.

"Dead as a stove-in barnacle!"

"Frozen stiff in the gale!" added Stephen Rand.

"Who is he?" asked Ruel.

"Don't know," returned both Peggys together.

"Anyhow, he is not as bad off as you say, though I'm afraid he is near it. Close to Davy Jones' locker! I can't see that he is anywhere frozen, for which he can thank the snow that covered him like a blanket; but his endurance has given out. Get him hard by the stove, my livelies, warm him gradually, and try brandy upon him. We must save him if we can. Heartily, my lads!"

They were not reluctant, and all these orders were carried out, Ruel, himself, administering the drink.

"Watch how he takes it!" exclaimed Miah. "If it gurgles back his doom is sealed—oho! down it goes. A bit of hope for him yet."

"Fall to chafing now, mates. Get the blood in circulation again."

While this effort was in progress the mate stood gazing down at the stranger. He was middle-aged, of muscular build, and, while surely far from handsome, his square, heavy face was agreeable to the eye. Further than that nothing was to be learned, just then, for his eyes remained closed and his lips sealed. Word had been carried to Captain Drake, and he appeared and joined in the scrutiny.

"An odd happening," he remarked. "What's your guess as to his identity, Mr. Taylor?"

"It is impossible to believe that more than two parties are on the iceberg, so I suppose, sir, that he is one of the Sea Pilot's crew."

"What do you make of his coming here?"

"Well, he was at our door, and it seems that he was seeking our quarters."

"Rods bad!" exclaimed the skipper nervously. "No man would make the attempt in such ferocious weather unless life depended upon it. Are the rest of Tom Minker's party dead, or are they starving? What do you think?"

"Frankly, sir, I infer that they are in desperate trim, and that this person risked his life knowingly to get to us."

"Are those men mad?" cried Drake passionately. "As soon as I knew that they were without food and proper clothing I realized that we must give them a helping hand, and quickly told my daughters so. You know that. Then what happened? You know of their tricks, their deceit, their attempt to kidnap Dorothy, to kill you, to take our stores by violence. Are they mad? Scoundrels that they are, they are old whalers, and I should be a haunted man the rest of my life if I left them to perish. Why don't they do the right thing?"

With this the captain broke off and fell to pacing excitedly. He was greatly wrought up, for his keen sense of humanity was stronger than his rivalry and his enmity for the Sea Pilots.

"They may be dying now, for want of food!" he then added, violently.

"Sir," replied Ruel stoutly, "I will volunteer to seek them. Day is near, and I'll try it."

"And succumb as this lusty sailor did?" "I shall have daylight. With your permission, I'll try."

"You won't get the permission. This iceberg is practically twelve miles square, and an inferno of blinding, driving snow, borne by a wind that cuts like a sheath-knife and a cold that human flesh cannot resist. No, sir, you shall not go. I'll lose none of my hands. If they can come here, let feed and shelter them—hey, even to that arch knave, Tom Minker."

"This feller's eyes open!" exclaimed Miah, looking up from his patient.

"Ay, my man!—they surely are open. Ahoy, mariner, how goes it with you now?"

There was no reply, and the open eyes, clearly discerning nothing intelligently, proved that hope had gone shut. Further efforts were made, but no syllable was wrested from him, and no signs of conscious life.

"Totally beat out!" said Miah. "There's a'chance he will live, but take it from me, sir, that he won't give you a word for days to come. I've seen the like before. Nothin' short of a fortnight in bed under good treatment will bring his wits back."

"You put my own opinion into words. Too bad, for he looks a decent fellow. Well, well, lads, bear him to a comfortable bed and see that all that's possible is done for him. Now, Mr. Taylor, for our lookouts, and the hope they have not lost their eyes. 'Tis small chambers in the ice where we posted them must have been terrible, and I trust they have accepted my permission to go aboard the Dancing Peggy and make use of the stove there. Come with me!"

They went out. Immediately the blast took hold of them and, barely able to keep their feet, they plunged deep into the snow that had nearly filled the ravine bank high. Drake led the way to the Peggy, and the lookouts were found there, getting what comfort they could from the fire. Drake speedily made it known that he approved of their course, and then put his head once more on deck.

"Snow bulwarks high in the ship," he said, "and the ravine buried. Out there it will soon be packed like a floor. Not as my former impressions confirmed. The snow will make the Peggy secure from molestation, for presently only her masts will show, and lookouts will be useless, or so we will try to believe. What then?"

"I don't follow you, sir."

"We will run a tunnel through the snow of the ravine, and connect it with the vessel, so that we can pass from one to the other without exposure to the cold."

"A happy thought."

"Got to be done, Mr. Taylor. Necessity breeds ingenuity, and I'll show you lots of it later."

He turned and, indifferent to wind and cold, poked Ruel in the ribs and smiled cheerfully.

"Before the Fourth of July we will sail the Peggy into New Bedford at trim and staunch as when we left there. What if she is on top of an iceberg? We will find a way to get her down in safety."

Ruel nodded, but he was not able to imitate the smile, nor to add a word of encouragement. Knowing how little was required to make a ship as full of holes as a sieve, to open seams and start butts, it seemed like the dream of a land-lubber to have the skipper talk as he did. Even if the Peggy was not yet stove in below, how was she to be taken from her perch? In their way ships were as delicate of machinery as watches. It was all very well for Drake to talk, but how was he to do what he claimed?

The captain turned away to see to something else, and a hand was laid lightly on Ruel's arm. He looked and saw Solon Wing, the second mate, who pointed at Drake with his thumb and then touched his head.

"Trouble has done it!" whispered Solon.

"Worry over the ship."

"Done what?" Ruel asked.

"Set him crazy."

"He's a mighty sensible lunatic," responded the mate, smiling. "In a pinch he would beat both of us at logical action."

"Do you think he can get the Peggy afloat sir?"

"Oh! as to that, hope never dies, and the best of us have schemes that appear impossible. Trust the captain to carry a level head."

Solon did not seem very earnest in his idea, and it sunk only skin-deep into Ruel, but when he was on the point of forgetting it all the skipper came to him again.

"On land," said the older man, "houses are often moved from one point to another, and frequently with tenants still occupying their premises. What, sir, is to hinder us from constructing a runway and sliding the ship into the water, when we desire? We have whale-oil in plenty, and can make the runway as slippery as you please. Just think how the Peggy will take to her drink! Eh?"

Again he poked Ruel in the ribs, smiling sagaciously.

"It will work, Mr. Taylor, it can't help it. Still, my favorite device is better yet. In the spring great numbers of large birds, like bustards, plovers, cranes, storks and Canadian geese, will return here. Now, if we capture a sufficient number and hitch them to the Peggy they will, when they take to wing, lift the vessel easily. Once clear of the ice, be it twelve miles or fifty, we can cut the fowls adrift and the Peggy will fall lightly into salt water. Is there any flaw in that scheme?"

This was said with a serious expression, and Ruel replied gravely, but at that moment a sailor asked a question and he moved away.

"Mighty sad case!" exclaimed Solon. "He's as good a shipper as I ever sailed with, and I'm right sorry. Worry over the ship has done it."

"Mr. Wing, you are lacking in appreciation of humor," Ruel replied.

"Ever know the captain to joke that way before?"

"Well, perhaps not, but he probably is trying to keep our spirits up."

"I hope you are right," answered Solon gloomily.

The deck was not a place for sustained conversation with the snow ever piling down and the cold as active as ever, and the officers soon returned to the refuge in the ice. No change had come over the stranger rescued from the storm. He lay as before, wholly unconscious, and the mystery of his identity and adventures remained as deep as when he came. He had been brought back to a normal temperature,

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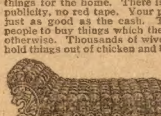

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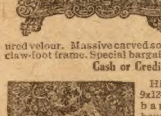

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and nourishment forced between his teeth. This being done, they could do nothing further but to wait for his recovery.

After breakfast Ruel again offered to go in search of the Sea Pilot, but Drake firmly refused to permit it.

"It's their place to come here," he said emphatically. "Let them do it civilly and I'll feed them, but lose the lives of my own men I will not. Nobody shall go!"

The point was settled thus, but the thoughts of the comfortably sheltered party often went out to the other whalers during the hours that followed. The storm did not abate, but all day snow fell and the wind howled as if in bitter hostility. The pitiless part of winter had fully set in, and the blue of the ice was buried in white. The ravine filled to its top, and even with the entrance to the chambers, while the Dancing Peggy was as completely buried.

Of the entire ship only the upper masts showed to the eye.

The short day was followed by another long night of the same order, and still snow fell, but the time finally came when the sun struggled feebly forth from an unclouded sky. No longer the ventilation passages bore snow-scurries inward, and no longer moisture hissed in the pipes that carried smoke outward from the stoves.

Even then there was nothing to call the men far away. To climb Castle Columbus and survey the surrounding region was to see only the dead sheet of snow that lay at their door, so, as the cold remained intense, they hung close and risked no suffering.

The noon meal had just been finished, and a sailor had taken a glance outward when he came hurrying in again, his face moving with excitement.

A man was revealed—

"Say!" he exclaimed, "two men are comin' toward the entrance!"

CHAPTER XIV.
BAD NEIGHBORS.

"Messengers from the Sea Pilots!" exclaimed Ruel, looking at Captain Drake.

"Probably you are right," responded the skipper quietly. "If so, bring them to me. My answer to them will depend upon who has come. As long as they acknowledge Tom Minker as their leader they must do business through him. Unless he is incapacitated, I'll treat with nobody else."

"Minker it is!" said Jerry Boxx, who had been peering out. "It's Minker, but somebody else is with him. Looks like Peter Smith. Yes, it's Peter. He's a decent chap, sir."

"Glad there is some leavening to the loaf of sin!" Drake returned composedly. "Mr. Wing, remain here. Let the visitors be ushered in by ordinary seamen."

The second mate had made a movement toward the entrance, but he willingly obeyed the order and stayed. Voices sounded, and after a brief pause Davy Weed appeared with Minker and another man in tow. A strong contrast to the plump, well-fed Peggys they made, being hollow-cheeked and wan-eyed, and both bore themselves with an air of dejection. There was every reason to believe that this was sincere with Smith, but under Minker's subdued manner was evidence of a turbulent, hostile spirit far from being quenched.

"Here," said Davy, with a wave of his hand, "is Captain Drake."

The skipper met the visitor's gaze composedly.

"Good morning!" spoke the sitting leader evenly.

Minker growled a reply and then seemed disposed to fall back on sullen silence, but Drake was determined to make him break the ice.

"Have you business with me?" he asked.

Minker flushed a deep red.

"Why!" he cried, "there are men starving over yonder, while you are—fact is, we are here to ask for food."

Drake had noted that it was a warning nudge in Minker's ribs that had caused him to break off in what bade fair to be an intemperate speech, but he passed all this by.

"You did not come in this way before," he reminded.

"No," interrupted Smith, respectfully, "I speak for the forecastle hands of the Sea Pilot. We are in desperate need, without food, without proper shelter and with nothing to dig ice-rooms with, and we shall all be dead in a few days unless we have help. We ask you with due deference an' good will to give us what we so badly need."

"Is that your request, too, Mr. Minker?"

"Yes," replied Minker, gulping down an imaginary lump.

"You shall have what you need," said the captain calmly. "I will briefly observe that your other way of getting these things does not meet with my approval, and that, furthermore, what you did is clearly remembered. Let that rest for now. You are whalers, and I'll not see you suffer. You shall have food, and tools to dig ice-rooms, and we can spare you a stove, together with some canvas and other things for bedding. If you use proper judgment, you can make yourselves comfortable throughout the winter."

"Sir!" exclaimed Smith, "I thank you for myself an' my mate!"

"There are, however, Mr. Minker, conditions to this promise."

"Oh!" curtly replied the mate. "What are they?"

"I will not hand over a winter's supply of food to you. You have shown me that trickery, kidnaping and even murder is lurking in your mind, and I'll not make you independent of my party. At the beginning of each week I will hand over to you, on your application here, enough food for that week, and this shall be repeated to the end of winter. The supply will be meted out with precision—a comfortable seven-day ration for each man, and not a ounce more."

Minker rolled his evil eyes and licked at his lips, but Smith answered readily.

"I accept that condition for the forecastle hands, sir," he said.

"Certain medicines shall also be given to you, and if you have no man among you fit to parcel them out in a case of unusual severity, you shall have advice from here if you desire it. Perfect comfort you shall have, since you are whalers, but no chance to waste, and no chance to make yourselves independent of us. This will keep the turbulent among you in better frame of mind."

"We agree, sir," returned Smith promptly.

"Also," said Minker, suddenly becoming suave of speech, "we can partly support ourselves, and not draw so heavily upon the stores, if you will give us guns to shoot bears, seal and the like."

"You will not get one gun!" asserted Drake evenly. "You might mistake human beings for bears!"

As Minker flushed red, but he did not press the point. His disappointment was plain, but the firmness of the refusal was not to be misunderstood.

"Now," continued the captain, "as a beginning of system, and everything must be of machine-like regularity, you shall marshal all your men at a selected point and give us a chance to count them. We want to know how many rations to serve out. The count will tell that."

"Do you think," cried Minker, "that we would lie as to our numbers?"

"Mr. Smith seems to be an honest, well-meaning man, and I believe we could trust him to say how many there are of you, but if he is made that way he won't object to a count."

"I don't object," said Smith. "I'm satisfied."

"Is there anything more Mr. Minker?"

"I don't know of anything."

"Then let me say that a man came to our door during the storm, or rather, we found him there, unconscious. He is still in that condition, but likely to live. Undoubtedly, he is of your party, but this should be proved."

"A man here!" cried Smith. "Why, is it Zekiel Fogg?"

"That is for you to say. We don't know. Mr. Taylor, will you take one or both of our callers to our patient?"

Ruel led, but only Smith followed. Arrived, the sailor almost shouted with delight, and then seized upon the sick man's nerveless hand and shook it warmly.

"Zekiel it is!" he exclaimed. "He left us to come to your an' beg for help, but we have thought him dead, frozen. Why, you are caring for him like he was a king!"

"Smith," said Ruel earnestly, "let this speak to you for our good intentions. We surely cared for him as if he were one of our number. We are glad to aid any honest whaler."

Smith took a swift glance over his shoulder, plainly afraid of being overheard by Minker.

"Sir," he explained, lowering his voice, "don't think that all of our hands are wrong-minded. Some are as honest as they make 'em, an' Zekiel is one o' that sort, but we who are in our senses are few, which is why, when we got here in Wexford Mr. Minker had the shipping o' the crew, an' he took his own sort largely. A lot of names went onto our articles that had previously been on prison rolls. Minker liked that sort. Then, since trouble began, men among us who should know better have been over-persuaded by Minker until they are about as bad as the old convicts."

"Shall I ask permission of Captain Drake for the right-minded ones to leave Minker and come to us?"

"Zekiel an' me talked that over, sir, but we thought it best for us to stay where we were. It may save the Sea Pilots from total villainy, and save you from treachery an' death from the hands o' them bad ones."

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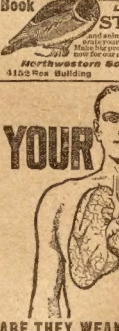

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"Are you willing to risk your own lives there?"

"It all comes in the business, sir," said Smith cheerfully. "Risks have to be taken. I have a few trustworthy mates. Now, sir, I must get back to Minker or he will be suspicious o' me."

"My man, you are a true New Bedford lad, honest and worthy. When this thing is over, anything I can do to serve you shall be done gladly. Meanwhile, if Minker plots new mischief, will you warn us?"

"If I learn of it I will, but he ain't none too trustful o' me. He never would have let me be his companion on this call only our case was so desperate that the hands knew somethin' must be done, an' they asked me to supply fair talk. 'Lord love ye, sir, my fair talk ain't pretended, but from my heart!'"

"You are a brick, Smith! It does me a pile of good to know that such a man is in the other party. If I live to get back to New Bedford, and ever sail a ship again, I want you with me!"

"I'll sail with ye mighty quick, sir. Now, this dallyin' won't do, for maybe Minker is hot-set with suspicion by this time."

They returned, finding Minker so occupied with Solon Wylie, who was supplying him with picks and other implements for digging the necessary ice-chambers, that he had taken no note of time. As Zekiel Fogg was to be rowed to the wreck, it was agreed that he should be cared for where he was. This being settled, Minker and Smith went away with what tools they could carry.

Before night fell the Sea Pilots had been lined up at a given point and counted, after which a week's rations were passed over to them, with an extra mess to relieve the unusual hunger of the occasion. It was Ruel who saw to this, and, with all completed, he returned to Castle Columbus and reported to Captain Drake.

"How did the gang act?" asked the skipper.

"Some were mild and evidently grateful, but the prevailing disposition was one of surly discontent. I know they resent getting only a week's supply at a time."

"Exactly. They are likely to be checked in deviltry. If we had been idiotic enough to hand over enough food to last them all winter there would be constant warfare on this berg."

"Do you think, sir, that that danger is past now?"

"Not by a thousand miles!" Drake exclaimed. "They are ripe for mischief, and if they see their way clear there will be more of it."

Just my idea, sir! If opportunity occurs they will raid us like wild beasts let loose."

"There it is. Raid us! That's the only way they will strike. To kill one or two of our men who were out hunting, or strolling in a day of moderate weather, would be vast folly. My scheme of parcelling out food to them by kidfuls, as I may say, insures us against lesser attacks, and a raid is the only thing to fear. You think, you say, that Peter Smith is honest, and say that he has promised to warn us of any intended blow?"

"Yes, sir, but they might keep him ignorant of their intentions."

"Exactly what they would do."

"I don't see how they can raid us with all hands here."

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Leather shoes always break down in the arch—causing the insteps to break in and down, and the result is known as Flat-foot—the most intolerable, uncorrectable, incurable disease that can happen to the laboring man's feet. It it hasn't happened to you don't run the chance of it another week. Get my steel shoes *now*. If it has happened my steel shoes will prove a double blessing to you.

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Steel Shoes are better than any leather or rubber shoe ever made because they are powderdry all the time. It is impossible for you to have any of the above troubles wearing these wonderful Steel Shoes—the most comfortable, elastic, easiest shoes ever made. Let people who have to be on their feet constantly at their work.

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Steel Shoes are the most economical shoes you can possibly buy. One pair of them will outlast at least six pairs of leather shoes. Steel shoes are sold direct from my factory to wear.

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N. M. Ruthstein, *The Steel Shoe Man*

143 Seventh Street Racine, Wisconsin

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How often we hear "If it wasn't for my feet I'd be all right"—"My feet are simply killing me," etc. 68 out of every 100 such troubles come from wearing the wrong kind of shoes. Leather shoes get wet with moisture from the outside—and from perspiration on the inside. The socks become moist—the leather and the sock adhere—stick together—thus the friction—the rub on the feet. Corns—bunions—blisters—then what's the result? Blisters, bunions, burning sensation, sore, aching feet, tired ankles, actual torture.

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If you prefer—write for my booklet, "The Sole of New"—but do one thing or the other—either order a pair direct from this advertisement—which you are perfectly safe in doing if you wish to get the shoes immediately—or send for the booklet and further details.

Four Styles—6, 9, 12 and 16 in. Tops—In all sizes—5 to 12 inclusive—

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Steel Shoes 6 in. high, extra grade leather, black or tan color, $3.50 per pair.
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Steel Shoes 16 in. high, extra grade leather, black or tan color, $7.00 per pair.

Boys' Steel Shoes—Sizes 1 to 5

Boys' Steel Shoe, 6 in. high, $2.50 per pair.
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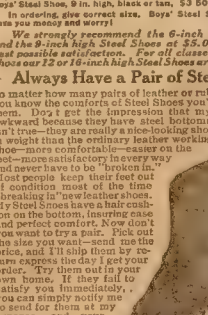

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A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse but I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well, either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, I thought, if it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in 6 minutes. I know it is the most simple and perfect machine ever invented can do that, without washing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as your mother, and it don't wear the clothes, for with the edges not break buttons the way rubbing machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibers of the clothes like the force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I would with a man to do with a horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1.00 Gravity" washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cts. to 75 cents a week over and above, in money. If after you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 50 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 107 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

"Suppose they tunnel through Castle Columbus from the opposite side?"

"Would we not hear the sounds of their excavation?"

"Possibly, but this is a place of strange noises. Of course the iceberg is no longer adrift, but caught in the closed-up ocean waters, is the same as anchored, but it has not settled fully into position for the winter, and the groaning and cracking we hear is just the thing to hide sounds our enemies might make. Possibly these crackings will stop later, though I really know nothing about Arctic winters in that way. However, Mr. Taylor, we will hope that Minker won't get a chance to do us serious harm."

"Meanwhile, we will watch sharply."

"Always!"

"It seems impossible that such knaves can be New Bedford whalemen."

"Tom Minker is full of sin, and he has set his gang crazy with his abominable spirit."

"We are going to beat him."

"Time will show. There will always be danger, so, watch sharply!"

CHAPTER XV.
A STRANGE CALAMITY.

Time passed and winter had full sway in the Arctic. The cold had increased and was master of the situation, the mercury often registering fifty or more degrees below zero. Snow fell so frequently that clear weather was a novelty, and the accumulation of the fall was astonishing. In the ravine outside the ice-chambers the downfall was paramount, and only the upper masts of the Dancing Peggy showed above the surface.

Drake had carried out his idea of a tunnel from their quarters to the ship, and this excavation, passing across the ravine and then rising to the deck, and thence leading to the lower part of the Peggy, made it possible to go back and forth without encountering the bitter cold. As far as possible the vessel was kept in good condition, and all hands were the more content for knowing that their loved "hooker"—a sailor's term of affection for his ship—was always hard by.

Occasionally some of the men went out in clear weather, and when the moon shone in the night that never had a break of day for many weeks, an effort was made to hunt, but this was soon given up. Bears, foxes, hares and the like, if on the ice were never seen, and no effort was made to find the breathing holes of seals. Food from these sources would have been welcome if obtainable, but the castaways fed well on salt beef, pemmican, preserved fruits and vegetables, flour, rice, and minor articles for nearly all of which their thanks were due to the acquisitions from the explorers' ship.

No case of scurvy developed, and the health of the party was almost uniformly good, while the quarters in the ice, shutting off the cold, supplied a degree of comfort not to be expected.

The expected attack from Tom Minker's party did not come. Once a week, as arranged, food was furnished their rivals, and though some black looks were sent their way at these meetings, no uncivil words were spoken. Minker could hardly afford to act with impertinence while his daily bread came as it did, and his life was dependent upon the charity of his enemies. Nevertheless, Drake remained suspicious and alert, having no faith in the fellow. Fully believing that if Minker saw the way he would steal every pound of food and leave the Dancing Peggys to starve, it was a long period of watchful care.

Zekiel Fogg had recovered his health and returned to his own band, but he went in grateful mood and, together with Peter Smith, supplied a friendly element in the hostile camp.

"But don't think," Captain Drake often said, "that we have seen the end of trouble. Tom Minker is alive, and he will hit us again when he sees his way out. Spring will bring bears from their nests and seal to the top-snows, and then there will be game for somebody to kill. The Sea Pilot Tree belongs to the bottom of seas, and Tom doesn't like an empty hand. The man is crazy to take the Peggy and her oil to New Bedford, and leave us dead up north. He will try it!"

This was said, one night at pipetime, as it had been said often before, and Miah Long cleared his throat and asked:

"Beggin' pardon, sir, but how would he take the ship to Bedford?"

"In the Peggy," answered Drake readily. "But she is landed high an' tight on this berg."

"Haven't I told you often before how I purpose getting her afloat?"

"Why, sir, I believe you—"

"Exactly!—I have frequently explained. We have only to capture a sufficient number of plover, ptarmigans and cranes to make them fast to the ship and then compel them to take to wing, and they would lift the Peggy and bear her away to deep water."

"If I may venture," said Steve Rand, "how many o' them birds would it need to lift the ship?"

"Do you," asked Drake seriously, "know the lifting power of one ptarmigan? Or of a bustard?"

"No, sir, I don't."

"Knowledge of that sort comes from acquaintance with science. If the matter was not made obscure by various algebraic and other mathematical signs and quantities, as well as by abstruse reports from learned men, I would try to explain, but I should only muddle you. It is a bad thing to have a muddled brain!"

The sailors were staring with eyes and mouths wide open, and nobody had a reply ready. Drake continued grave and earnest.

"My heartics," he added, "leave this matter to me and the owl. Both the carnivorous birds and the bustards are bound to surprise you later, and as for the cranes and plover, they lift amazingly."

"Very lively, sir," admitted Steve, but when the skipper shifted his gaze he turned his own eyes wonderingly upon his mates.

Ruel Taylor heard this talk and wished it had not been listened to by the crew. They had heard it too often already. If Drake, who was now a sinking man, particularly admired his jest, it seemed best to halt it at a certain point, and that point was where it began to lose natural edge. A smile, or even the twinkle of an eye, would have shown his hands that he was only having a bit of pleasantry, but he carried the matter off as if he meant it.

(Continued on page eighteen.)

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We put over the 1911 Watch, Ring and Chain. GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. Stem WATCH, ring and chain a guarantee to hold Gold Watch. American watch movement, perfect time keeper, handsome ring and chain. Send us 20 cts. in Stamps or Silver and we will send you 20 Post Cards to sell at 1c each. When sold send us the money and we will positively send you the watch, ring and chain by return mail. Write us to-day. Don't delay. Address

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EVERYBODY INVITED

HERE is a great opportunity for everybody to learn to play and get ahead—who wants to be jolly enjoy life and make good money in a short way. Write to-day—let us tell you how to join a member of a band. Our *Home Study Method* is *based on every principle or arrangement the old brass band*. Write—just now—let us tell you all about our brass band plan, and *quote* you special prices on all band instruments. You'll get started anyway. The one who gets the start with his own instrument has the best advantage. DO IT NOW.

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LYON & HEALY 28-37 Adams St. Chicago, Ill.

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EVEN if you never sold a thing before, if you're looking for a better paying position in your life, make $5 to $10 a day—we'll help you. We manufacture made-to-order suits and pants.

This Is Your Chance To Make Money. We sell suits from $3 to $10 less than other dealers give and furthermore take better fitting clothes, with absolute guarantee. You need no experience; no work to take orders forms. You can work in spare time or all time. How to operate can give no satisfaction or money refunded. Send a postal to-day for our

BIG MONEY—EASY WORK.

We start you Free. Send for samples now. We will back you with our financial resources and show you how to make good money—we will instruct you and you can commence making money at once. Send us your name and address now and an elegant large sample outfit with newest samples, large fashion plate, tape measure and everything necessary will be sent you Free.

You Can Get Your Own Clothes At Inside Price to advertise us. We're looking for a few more salesmen to take orders. If not interested show it to your friends as this is too good a thing to miss. The biggest chance to make money. REGAL TAILORING CO., 181 Market St. Dept. 599, CHICAGO

We pay the Union Label on all our garments.

Quick Action Prescription
Cures Colds in a Day

The best and quickest prescription known to medical science for colds and coughs is as follows. "Get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Shake it well. Take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. Smaller doses to children according to age." Be sure to get only the genuine (Globe) Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes in a tin screw-top sealed case. Any druggist has it on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale house. Any one can mix this at home. There are many cheaper preparations of large quantity but it don't pay to experiment. This treatment is certain cure.

Never in the Same Place.

There are but few who would not appear a trifle bored if compelled to listen a second time to a sermon. This weariness might be somewhat alleviated, however, if repeaters of sermons would bear in mind the remark of a little daughter of a preacher who was asked the question:

"Does your father ever preach the same sermon twice?"

After a moment's contemplation she replied:

"Yes; but I think he hollers in different places."

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEX PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent, postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (2)

Nocash's Credit.

Mr. Slimpurse (hankering for a suit of clothes on tick)—I—ah—presume you are acquainted with my friend, Mr. Nocash. He has a running account here, I believe?

Tailor—Yes. We do the running.

Modesty.

Lady (standing on window ledge of burning building about to cave in, to firemen below)—You either tell those naughty men down there to shut their eyes or I'll jump head first.

Habit Grows.

"I hate to see a little country buying its first battleship."

"Why?"

"Reminds me of a boy taking his first smoke."

Accustomed.

Wife—Last night I woke up and saw a burglar going through your pockets.

He—So did I. But I didn't know it was a burglar, so I went back to sleep.

Dauntless.

"He cleared the sill at a bound and vanished in the darkness!" related Romance, breathlessly.

"But," scoffed Realism, "only a moment ago he was riveted to the spot. Did he use the rivets?"

"Oh, no!" rejoined Romance, nothing daunted. "Fortunately it was only a small spot, so that by a superhuman effort he wrenched it loose and carried it along with him!"

No Interest.

"He is always worrying when he lends a sum on interest, yet he never lends to any but responsible friends."

"Then he is a paradoxical financier."

"What do you mean."

"That he never lends money, but he borrows trouble."

A Faithful Agent.

"Why, Harkens, where have you been? You look like a wreck."

"I know it. My twin brother and I had a quarrel and I hired a bruiser to lick him. The fellow mixed us up—and here I am."

Equal to the Task.

Stout Lady—I'm afraid you are rather young for the situation. Are you sure you could cook dinner for a large party?

Applicant—Oh, yes'm. Why, the last party I was with was quite as large as you are."

A Plausible Explanation.

Madam (to rough looking caller)—Yes, I lost a pet dog, but this isn't it. My dog was brown and this one is white.

The Man—Ah, mum, the poor little beast turned white from grief.

Feminine Tactics.

"Why are you talking about a trip to Europe? It would cost your husband $1,000 or more."

"Quite so. I expect to compromise on a $60 hat."

A Scarecrow.

Miss Blush—I suppose you don't mind my being in your field, Mr. Gobel?

Farmer Gobel (gruffly)—The longer you stay the better, Miss. Fact is, the birds have been very troublesome this season.

An Indication.

"Do you think they approved of my sermon?" asked the newly appointed rector, hopeful that he had made a good impression.

"Yes, I think so," replied his wife; "they were all nodding."

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and redness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Accommodating.

"But I can't stand that hall room," complained the shivering lodger.

"What's the trouble, sir?" asked the considerate landlady.

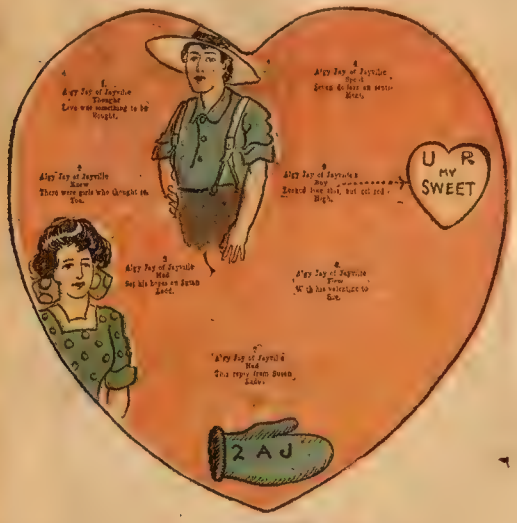
"Why, every morning I certain have to crack the ice in the water pitcher."

"Oh, don't let that worry you, Mr. Bings. After this I will send the handy man up to crack it for you."

Try Murine Eye Remedy

for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00. Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

A FEBRUARY 14TH FANCY.



TICKLISH

Had a Tough Foot.

A barefooted negro wandered into a blacksmith shop in a little Southern town. While watching the smith pound the iron into shape he unconsciously stepped on a red hot coal. After several minutes had passed he sniffed his nose once or twice and remarked in an incidental way. "Peahs to me, sah, dat I smells rubbah burnin'."

Better Than Talent.

"Has that Milligan girl any dramatic talent?"

"Very little. But she'll win out, all right."

"What makes you think so?"

"The way she starts in. She calls herself 'Molly Morgan' and lets it be understood that she's the favorite niece of J. Pierpont."

HER VALENTINE.

Isabella—It is certainly dear of Willie, but it must have cost at least 3 cents. Ah, me! I fear he is a spendthrift.

Polite Always.

A certain well brought up little girl yawned at the breakfast table last Sunday morning and ventured a polite proposition to her mother.

"I don't really feel like going to church this morning," she remarked. "Can't we just send cards?"

More of a Sinecure.

"An easy job will suit me, Senator."

"How about winding the clocks every week?"

"I might make that do. But what's the matter with tearing the leaves off the calendars every month?"

Think This Over.

Fortune Teller (to plain heiress)—Your husband will be a poor man.

Miss Rhino—How do you know that?

Fortune Teller—Well, rich men generally don't marry for money.

Love vs. Money.

"Some marry for love and some for money," remarked the moralizer.

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer. "Love is an excuse, but money is a justification."

Solemn Affairs.

Inquiring Child—Papa, why do people cry at weddings?

Papa (abstractedly)—Most of them have been married themselves.

THE TWO OBSTRUCTIONS.

"Take off your hat!"
Rude men behind her cried.
And she (just think of it) complied;
But they were still unsatisfied,
And yelled with their mouths open wide,
"Take off your rat!"

Power of Wealth.

Mr. Ghout—All my money cannot give me health, doctor.

Dr. Bolus—No, perhaps not; but it is of inestimable value nevertheless. It gives your physician great confidence.

A Rich Orphan.

"I feel sorry for that poor, motherless girl."

"Well, why don't you marry her?"

"What I want is a motherless girl with a fair income."

She Wants to Know.

"This here 'From Cape to Cairo' movement," said Mrs. De Style, "What is it?"

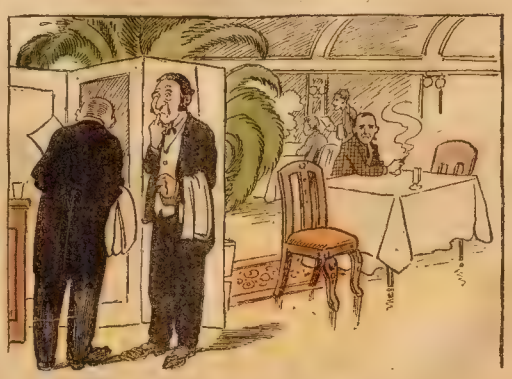
"I don't get you," growled her husband. "Why, I know that ladies have stopped wearing capes. But what is a cairo?"

Haw! Haw!

Cholly—What's the time, old chap? I've an invitation to dinner at 7 and my watch isn't going.

Gussie—Why, wasn't your watch invited, too, deah boy?

HARD LUCK.



Waiter—Blast the luck, here's a chap who dined here last week and gave me no tip; now he comes in again and doesn't order a thing I can spill on him.

RESULTS OF FOOD

Health and Natural Conditions Come From Right Feeding.

Man, physically, should be like a perfectly regulated machine, each part working easily in its appropriate place. A slight derangement causes undue friction and wear, and frequently ruins the entire system.

A well-known educator of Boston found a way to keep the brain and the body in that harmonious co-operation which makes a joy of living.

"Two years ago," she writes, "being in a condition of nervous exhaustion, I resigned my position as teacher, which I had held for over 10 years. Since then the entire rest has, of course, been a benefit, but the use of Grape-Nuts has removed one great cause of illness in the past, namely, constipation and its attendant evils.

"I generally make my entire breakfast on a raw egg beaten into four spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, with a little hot milk or hot water added. I like it extremely, my food assimilates, and my bowels take care of themselves. I find my brain power and physical endurance much greater and I know that the use of the Grape-Nuts has contributed largely to this result.

"It is with feelings of gratitude that I write this testimonial, and trust it may be the means of aiding others in their search for health." Name given by Postum Co. Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Outcome.

"I told him he was dead foolish to be engaged to three girls simultaneously."

"How did it turn out?"

"As you might expect. His expenses were such that he got so far behind with his board that he had to marry his landlady."

The Modern Warrior.

"There goes a chap who has taken part in fifty battles."

"Plainsman?"

"No; filmsman."

Another Blow.

Dinky Dan—Can't ye give me a quarter, sir? I'm on me way home to let me old mother see me face and I've only got er dime.

Mr. Tite—Well, isn't that enough? You can get a good cake of soap for a dime.

Explained.

Chinese Guide—There is a legend, sir, that at certain times the god rains money upon this region.

American Tourist—Huh! Get the idea out of your head right now. That's only the money that's been sunk in American gold mines coming through.

Another Dress Problem.

"What's the blooming matter, Bilkey?"

"Why, dad rat it all! I loaned my dress coat to Peters and my dress vest to Smith, and now I'm invited to a wedding tonight and can't get those two ding-blistered lobsters together!"

Knew What Was Needed.

Mrs. Newed—John, dear, according to this cookbook celery should be well bleached.

Newed—Yes, darling.

Mrs. Newed—Well, you'd better stop at the drug store and get a bottle of peroxide.

Proper Way to Die.

George—Missus, they little pigs be all dead!

Missus—Lawks, George! How did they die?

George—I think they died 'appy, missus.

Saw Too Much.

"He saw her home."

"What made him come back in such a hurry?"

"He saw her dad."

The Usual Afterthought.

Official (wildly)—I want to see the owner of that burned building in which forty people perished yesterday.

Servant—He is not in.

Official—Where is he?

Servant—He's gone to inquire the price of fire escapes.

HIS FIRST STEP.

Oh, the little chick within the egg is better off inside,
For life is mighty risky in this cold world outside;
And when he first starts pecking toward the outer shell
It's his first peck of trouble—so, heed the lesson well.

Work of an Artist.

Bill—You say that man's an artist?

Jill—That's what I said.

Bill—What kind of an artist?

Jill—He makes coats.

Bill—Is a newspaper office or a barber shop?

Impromptu.

Wife—I say the story you told me last night when you came home was a deliberate lie.

Hub—And I say it wasn't; I never thought up one quicker in my life.

Not a Bad Guess.

Nell—What is a hand laundry?

Belle—A manicure parlor, I suppose.

HIS VALENTINE.

I scrimped and saved for weeks and weeks,
And went without cigars and wine
And even skipped a lunch or so
To buy sweet Grace a valentine—
Blue satin frilled with filmy lace,
Pink cupids, roses, doves and rings,
Two hearts beneath a marriage bell
And verses full of tender things.

But, lo, I happened in to see
Another fellow that she knew
And saw tucked in his looking glass
The dainty square of white and blue!
Oh, maiden dyed in deep deceit,
You acted on a saving plan—
Received my loving valentine
And sent it to the other man!

Got Her Easily.

"The psychological moment counts for much in a love affair."

"That is true, Ferdinand, for instance, asked father for my hand the afternoon my dressmaker's bill came in."

A Freak, Indeed.

Mrs. X.—I don't care for that Mrs. Chinleigh. She is a hypocrite.

Mrs. Y.—A hypocrite! Why, that woman is two-faced from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet.

A VALENTINE OF 80 YEARS AGO.

From chilling rain she took and Schirm'd out Your Rival Efforts me a secure retreat.

Accept Dear Girl this loving Heart of mine And be my Fashionable Valentine

Eighty years hence the valentine of today will seem as humorous to our great-grandchildren as the accompanying valentine of eighty years ago seems to us. Just look at the hat, the balloon sleeves, the wasp-like waist and the expansive hoop skirts. Yet in 1830, when this valentine was mailed, it represented, without very much exaggeration, the fashions of that period.

The valentine was sent in all seriousness, too, by a young gentleman to his sweetheart, evidently with the fond hope that it would please her.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—$33.30 A WEEK

Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 300 more—sold first lot in 3 days—have sold 1 every 7 minutes." Hundreds of agents coining money. $9.80 worth of tools for the price of one. Drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. Astonishing low price to agents—1,200 ordered by one man. Write at once. Don't delay. Experience unnecessary. Sample free. THOMAS MFG. CO., 2117 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

200% PROFIT. $12 a day and up. New Wonderful Pocket and Hand Needler. Outfit 10c. Needler Mfg., Pittsburg, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handles; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O. Box A

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBESS AGENCY CO., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give thorough instruction. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Box 114, Danville, Va.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce our poultry compound. Steady work. Big pay. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

"NO BURN" WIRE KETTLE BOTTOM.

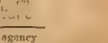
Fits All Kettles. Agents making $5 to $5 per day. Write for terms. HENDERSON MFG. CO., Box 7, BAY CITY, Mich.

SALESMEN [illegible] outfit free. Clarion Nursery Co., Rochester, Wis.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKER and SAYMAN, 906 Bayaud Building, St. Louis, Mo.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce poultry and stock powders; new plan; steady work. Address RICLER COMPANY, X416, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

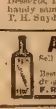
AGENTS—NINE IN ONE



$5 monthly. Combination Rolling Pin. Nine articles combined. Lightning Seller. Sample free. FORBES MFG. CO., Box 408, Dayton, O.

Lady Agents make $65 to $80 a week. MEN AGENTS make more, selling our high class Flavors, Cake Icings, Desserts, Pastries, etc. Let us send you one of our handy sample case outfits, on a trial order. Address F. H. Snyder & Co., 8 & 10 North Street, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED



Sell our Rapid Bottle Opener. Sells for 25 cents. 200 Per Cent Profit. Best seller. Every store a customer. Big profits for you. We pay freight. F. R. CREENE, 22 Lake St., Chicago

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS

Sell Magneto Combs and get rich! AGENTS wild with success. They remove dandruff, stop falling hair, RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF. LONG, 914 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 per day absolutely sure. We will furnish the work and teach you how to do it, start you in the business in the locality where you live and explain the business fully; remember we do not ask you to pay us $3 for every day's work, but we agree to teach you the business and show you how to make $3 per day sure. Write us at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1066 Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS The Light That Never Fails

will produce better light than any other artificial lighting device. Special inducements and territory to right party. We want a good man in every town and village in the world. For full particulars address Dept. 16. NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS, 216-220 S. Jefferson Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Agents wanted in every county to sell Novelty Knives, with name, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Guaranteed razor steel blades. Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. You should be independent. Let us show you how. Write quick for terms. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 23 Bar St., Canton, O.

BEACON LAMP BURNER FREE

Incandescent. 100 Candle Power. Burns common coal oil. Gives better light than gas, electricity or six ordinary lamps at one-tenth the cost. Every one a perfect burner. Unequaled for fine sewing or reading. COSTS ONLY ONE CENT FOR SIX HOURS. We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our special offer to secure a Beacon Burner FREE. Write today. Agents Wanted. HOME SUPPLY CO., 209 L. C. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesale and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, paper and circulars to, from time to time. Thousands of dollars are paid for good names and are quite expensive. We gather the AGENTS DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your names very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in one Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENN.

The Baffled Detective;

Or, THE SUN SAPPHIRE MYSTERY

By T. C Harbaugh

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Begun in No. 4, Jan. 28. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAG PAYS HER VISIT.

JULIETTE'S lover, who had heard much about the exploited Gaston beauty, paused for a moment and admired the vision that confronted him. Miss Hobbs was looking down at him in a manner which told him that she must have been aware, in part, of what had taken place in the library. Her face was strangely white and her eyes full of mingled amazement and curiosity. For a moment she seemed about to descend and investigate, but then Cushman opened the door and passed out.

Therefore he did not get to witness what followed his exit.

The elegant Miss Hobbs came bounding down the stairs and flashed into the library like a whirlwind. Cumberford, white and speechless, remained crushed in the depths of the easy chair, and she fell back with a little dry laugh.

"What has happened?" rang out her voice, though she might have guessed if she had really played the listener.

"Don't you see him?" cried Cumberford. "This house has been invaded by a villain and I have been subjected to all manner of indignities."

What did the man want?"

"In the first place, he came with a pack of lies," said he was the fellow whom Juliette admitted to the house. Let that his mission was a harmless one.

"I hardly understand."

"And I'm in no condition to explain," was the reply. "The fellow must be a madman from the way he handled me. And, besides, he has the power of a giant," and Saddlestone pulled himself together as though his internal organization had been twisted awry.

"You should guard against the entrance of such undesirable people."

"I didn't know the fiend was coming, my dear. I thought I was admitting a gentleman one Fidette brought in his card. I'll be prepared for him when he comes again, though I fancy he'll give this place a wide berth hereafter."

Cumberford rang for the brandy bottle to compose his overstrained nerves, and Miss Hobbs watched him drink in silence.

"They've got the girl!" he exclaimed, looking up into her face. "I have just heard from one of the force. They've got her all right, and that man had the audacity to proclaim himself her lover, and asked me to have her released."

"But you will not do that?" said Miss Hobbs, leaning forward with intense interest.

"She's passed beyond my jurisdiction now. She's in the grip of the law."

"Did he say she was innocent?"

"Yes, and a whole lot of rot besides. I say, my dear Althea, you'll wear the sapphire yet," and the man settled back in his chair with a smile of victory on his face.

The English girl retired and left the master of the house to his own reflections. Cumberford at length got up and, divesting himself of his smoking jacket, left the house. In another moment he was speeding away in his motor car, and a face was pressed against one of the upper windows and he was being regarded by a pair of very animated eyes.

The girl from London was enjoying a quiet hour in her luxurious chamber when the door opened softly and Fidette appeared at the threshold.

"A lady below to see you, Miss Hobbs."

Miss Hobbs arose languidly and yawned. "To see me, Fidette?" she asked doubtingly.

"Your own self, miss."

Althea took out the disordered folds of her gown and descended the stair.

First she peeped into the library, but no one was there, then she tripped to the main parlor, which was hung in rich crimson, and beheld a woman seated on one of the sofas.

As she entered the room her caller arose and stood before her. Althea adjusted her lorgnette and subjected the strange one to a deliberate scrutiny.

"My dear Althea!" exclaimed the strange one, advancing gushingly. "I am delighted to welcome you to America! It has been so long since I saw you last!"

She held out both hands, but Miss Hobbs recoiled while she still kept up her study of the one before her.

"You must excuse me," she said, haughtily and with consummate coldness, "I cannot for the life of me give you a place in my memory."

"What! is it possible that you have forgotten your old acquaintance, Miss Iris Henderson?"

A flush instantly took possession of the English girl's cheeks.

"I do seem to remember the name," she said, tentatively. "But it has been a long time since I heard it."

"I believe our last meeting was at the ball of Richmond's ball," was the reply.

"Yes . . ."

It was a little one, but it meant much.

"I hope you are delighted with this country," the visitor continued. "And you have such a beautiful place here. It must remind you of the richness of Hobbs' Castle."

Miss Hobbs pursed her lips and frowned. Evidently this gush was not to her liking.

"I have just called, learning that you were in our midst. Again I welcome you to free America."

"If you will wait I shall ask Mrs. Saddlestone to entertain you, for I have a raging headache——"

"Please don't trouble yourself," was the quick interruption. "I shall not detain you long. Of course, I did not expect you to fall into my arms, since we were never boon companions, but may I ask whatever become of Captain Boxer?"

At this the fair face before the speaker went as white as ashes and the elegant Miss Hobbs seemed to gasp.

"Must I refresh your recollection, my loved Althea? There was but one Captain Boxer, you know, and he was at the Duke of Richmond's ball that night."

"You leave me in the dark," cried Miss Hobbs with assumed vehemence. "Surely, Mrs. Saddlestone can entertain you more decidedly than myself."

"No, no, it is yourself whom I came to see. The captain got in bad that night. Let me see. How long did he serve? And such a nice man, too. He cheated so elegantly at écarte that one had to forgive him. Come, don't go, my dear. Look, I am not the same Miss Henderson I was across the water. I no longer lean on the arm of dukes when I go out to supper."

"What means all this?" cried Miss Hobbs, recoiling a step. "What are you trying to flash in my face?"

"Nothing in particular," smiled the other. "Then permit me to ring for the servant."

Althea stepped toward a table and put out her hand in direction of the silver call-bell.

"Not on your life!" cried the other woman, taking a tigerish leap forward and encircling her wrist with her hand. "Not on your life, I say! I'm butterfly yet, though my wings are not as gaudy as they have been. Some of their silkiness has been lost, but no matter. I believe Mr. Saddlestone hasn't found the sapphire yet."

"He is on the track of it," said Miss Hobbs.

"Ah, that is encouraging, to him at least. I see by the papers that you were to have worn it at the fete. Permit me to express my sympathy. My dear Althea——"

"Come!" broke in the English girl, "this is annoying. I never saw you before. I never heard of Iris Henderson. My station is above the likes of you. I——"

"That's astonishingly clever," laughed the other, unabashed. "Your station above mine, eh? You come from Hobbs Castle, while I am queen of Tinplate alley. Here's the old dance step!" and Mag—for the speaker was one old acquaintance—gathered up her skirts and began to waltz about the room.

The elegant Miss Hobbs looked on in silence, her eyes glittering with anger and her dainty hands tightly clenched.

"Have the goodness to retire!" she exclaimed, at last. "If you do not I shall certainly summon the butler."

"If you remember, one was summoned at the queen's reception on the Lord Mayor's night when I imbibed too freely of that rich burgundy, and went down the steps helter skelter."

"I do remember," said Althea Hobbs with the first smile she had displayed during the interview. "There will be other and similar exit here if you don't take yourself off——"

"Thanks. I shall go, my dear Althea."

Mag turned around and walked toward the door.

"Good day," she called over her shoulder in sarcastic voice. "I hope I haven't illtreated you. Just a little reminiscent call, you know. But you haven't told me whatever became of the captain. Never mind. I saw you in the motor car today and I believed you lunched at the El Dorado. So long, as they say in cosmopolitan America," and, waving her hand at the glaring beauty on the carpet, Mag flounced away. In the hall she paused and shouted back:

"I hope they'll find the sapphire. You'll wear it yet, probably. Au revoir, my dove," and she slammed the door with an emphasis that brought Eudosia flying into the room.

"Who was that, my dear?" she exclaimed, halting at sight of the tall girl, a statue in the middle of the parlor.

"A poor, demented thing who should not be permitted to run at large," and Althea's hands unclinched.

CHAPTER IX.

SHARP HAS A VISITOR.

"Well, you've done it with a vengeance!" cried the man known as Jasper of Tinplate alley, when he had listened to Mag's story of her visit to the elegant Miss Hobbs. "You had to parade yourself to the English girl and run a risk of setting everything at sixes and sevens."

The woman laughed in the man's face.

"I hadn't seen the divine Althea for so long that I was dying to gaze once more into her eyes——"

"And you got snubbed, as you deserved," was the exclamation. "Just as I could have told you."

Mag simpered a little and smoothed out the folds of her rather tawdry dress.

"They're going to resume the interrupted reception at Cumberford's house and I'll be one of the shining lights."

"You!"

Jasper lay back in his chair, elevated his head and broke into a raucous laugh.

"I imagine you leading the cotillion with Cumberford himself," he exclaimed. "Hang on, girl, while you can! you keep your fingers out of the pie till it's cut!"

There was no reply to these words, for Mag rose and posed admiringly before the broken mirror that hung on one of the unpapered walls.

"I'm the lovely Miss Henderson," she said, with a glance over her shoulder, "John Moon failed of his mission to Cumberford, old fox . . . wouldn't sign the paper and there he was."

"Never mind, the game is not played out yet," said Mag. "They're on track of the sapphire——"

"Yes, they've arrested one of Cumberford's maids, a girl named Juliette Dresser."

"Well?"

"Doubtless the girl is innocent," remarked Jasper.

"Then," replied Mag, with a laugh, "it's button, button, who's got the button."

"Who do you think, Mag?"

Mag crossed and uncrossed her hands, which still showed signs of good care, and looked at Jasper.

"You know it's no secret that Lally made the lock that secured the sapphire. Cumberford Saddlestone boasted that there was no other lock like it in all this world. But

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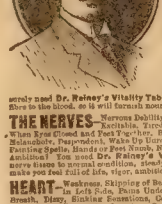

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Laily never took the gem, for dead men can't force locks."

"You're a good reasoner, Mag," laughed Jasper.

"I improve with my years," simpered Mag.

"Some one took the gem after Cumberford and his house had retired. The Drosser girl——"

"Oh, cut her out of the list," broke in the woman. "It 's a pretty mix-up as it is. When I go to Cumberford's reception——"

"When you go, yes," grinned Jasper, drumming on the table. "I'm not going to send John to Cumberford any more. I'm going myself."

A stare came into the woman's eyes and without reply she left the room.

At this moment Captain Phineas Sharp was alone in his little den where he thought out the mysteries of crime. He was [illegible] of sixty, but his genius was unimpaired and no one could reach him in [illegible] when it came to solving the dark puzzles of the police.

[illegible] She must be familiar with his [illegible]

"What if she is?" exclaimed the old detective.

"She's exploited as a wonderful beauty and it 's difficult to believe that she is connected with a robber."

"It was considered those days that highway [illegible] was a fine art. Why, even titled people [illegible] to the road to replenish their purses."

"But we're getting away from Juliette!" exclaimed Cushman. "I am going to get her out of the [illegible]"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Sharp.

"But, Captain-"

"Don't," interrupted the old man. "Let the girl remain where she is."

"I will not."

"Then I'll see that she does."

[illegible] came forward till he stood over [illegible] who had taken to his chair [illegible]

"You're [illegible] Saddlestone [illegible]" he cried.

"Hanged, I believe, my Englishman was."

When a low rap sounded on his door he rose and opened it. A young man stood [illegible]

"I am Cushman King, Captain Sharp," said the visitor, as he entered the room, and in another moment he had taken a chair directly in front of the detective.

"Yes," said the old man, "you are the friend of Miss Drosser."

Cushman gave a little start and wondered yet why should he? Captain Sharp seemed to know everything.

"You know what has happened, Captain," continued Juliette's lover, "Juliette is in durance, charged with being an accomplice in the theft of the Saddlestone sapphire."

"I know all that. Pish!"

"You don't believe she took the gem, or is in any manner connected with the theft?"

Sharp rose and took a hasty turn about the room, watched like a hawk by his caller. He went to the window and for a minute stood there looking down into the street.

"The girl let some one into the house that night?" he said, turning abruptly upon Cushman.

"Yes, she let me in."

"Then why don't you hand over the sapphire?"

"Me?" and Cushman leaped up, his face suddenly crimson. He was bursting with suppressed rage.

"Why not you? You were in the house that night. The girl admitted you."

"Yes, and I got Juliette into a pretty mess by my curiosity. I wanted to inspect Saddlestone's pictures."

"What sort-o' canvases has the old fellow got?"

"Second rate affairs which he has been beautifully swindled in," laughed Cushman.

"I saw some of them when I was there. Did you notice that portrait on the wall, the head of a man with the scar?"

"Yes."

"That's [illegible] of Miss Hobbs' ancestor."

"I was not aware."

"Yes, that's who it is. Colonel Hobbs of Kent was a famous man in his day. He did one thing that is probably not in the book of the Hobbses."

"What's that?" inquired Cushman eagerly.

"He danced at Newgate. It wasn't for much, though," and a grim smile overspread Captain Sharp's face. "He had a habit of interviewing people on Hounslow Heath. The rich folk at last grew weary of this constant interviewing and one day old Hobbs gave a one act exhibition at Newgate and passed out of the list of interviewers."

Cushman understood.

"But," said he, "I don't understand why his face should adorn the walls of Saddlestone's house."

"Eh? People have funny ideas of art."

"But Miss Hobbs might be offended to see the portrait of her ancestor in Golden avenue, clinching his [illegible] He's hired you to help [illegible] this [illegible] on Juliette. I thought you above [illegible] Captain Sharp.

I'm [illegible] King.'

"But you [illegible]" said Cushman [illegible] utterly [illegible] the whole [illegible]

[illegible] young man, don't."

[illegible]

"[illegible] it and I'll have you locked up for complicity in the sapphire matter, if not on a more serious charge."

[illegible] human [illegible] led back and looked sharply [illegible] immutable face before him.

[illegible] he suddenly cried, thrusting out his hands. "Take me now. You've got the darbies in you pocket."

Old Sharp laughed.

"You've seen Miss Hobbs, eh?" was all he said.

"Yes, and to perdition with her!" vociferated Cushman. "I suppose she was the [illegible] I saw on the stair [illegible]

[illegible] men with their [illegible]

[illegible] not as pretty as Juliette, eh?"

"[illegible] is absolute [illegible]" cried Cushman. "What do I care for Miss Hobbs?"

"She is said to be the heiress of Hobbs Castle and can point to some very blue blood in a long line of ancestors."

"So could Claude Duval and Jack Sheppard."

"Did you notice what beautiful hands she [illegible]"

"Hang her hands!" almost roared Cushman. "You're a beast, Captain Sharp."

He seized his hat and turned on his heel.

"One moment," said the old man.

Cushman whirled round and [illegible]

"Let me see; the elegant Miss Hobbs has blue eyes, hasn't she?"

The young man's look was a mad flash and the next moment he was plunging, cursing down the stairs of the detective's den.

CHAPTER X.

THE FACE WITH THE SCAR.

It was nine o'clock on the night which followed the events just detailed when Captain Sharp was admitted to the mansion in Golden avenue.

In response to his card he was admitted to the parlor on the main floor, where he found himself face to face with Mrs. Eudosia Saddlestone, who had just immersed herself in the latest novel and who was irritated by the ring of the door-bell.

She informed the old detective that Cumberford was attending a little supper in the financial district, a fact of which the old Captain was cognizant.

"I was much taken with your fair guest," said the detective, as he crossed his legs in front of him with the utmost cleverness.

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for he was the cleverest mortal on earth [illegible] cried to her.

Althea said Miss Saddlestone.

"Yes, my dear. I am partial to English [illegible] answered the Captain. "Most [illegible] you know."

Yes, though Miss Saddlestone knew [illegible] he had "Althea is one of those [illegible] who [illegible] herself in the graces."

"You are right, my dear. I have dropped [illegible] for a few moments hoping to again see the divine girl who came before me as a vision but a few hours ago."

"I shall summon her," said Eudoxia, rising. "If you will excuse me, Captain Sharp, I shall permit Althea herself to entertain you while I follow the fortunes of the heroine in this book."

With this she rose and swept majestically out of the room.

In a few moments there was a frou frou of skirts at the door and Captain Sharp was confronted by Miss Hobbs, whose beautiful face was wreathed in rich smiles.

He rose to greet her in a fervid manner, and taking her hand, led her to a chair, where he began to pour out those little flatteries that have tickled women since the days of Mother Eve.

In a few moments the pair were in the midst of an animated conversation. The old Captain was reminiscent, and, having resided in England, he recalled several scenes with which Althea was familiar.

"I have heard, Sweetness," said he, presently, "that Mr. Saddlestone possesses a good painting.

"He is quite a [illegible]," replied Miss Hobbs bewitchingly. "I had but few opportunities of his [illegible] gallery, [illegible] and I was not [illegible] to inspect [illegible] thoroughly," responded the old Captain, [illegible]. "While I am no good judge of art, I [illegible] the manners and customs [illegible] the [illegible] fraction of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and upon another occasion I [illegible] on a stolen Misonier in a garret.

"How romantic!" exclaimed the English [illegible].

"Rather so," answered the Captain, watching her. "They purloin pictures as well as sapphires."

"It seems so," was the reply.

In another moment they were in the corridor leading to the gallery, and Miss Hobbs turned on the light [illegible] she closed the door. [illegible] ing her golden-rimmed lorgnette, [illegible] the old detective from painting to painting, criticising here and there, and passing comments on the probable cost of the productions.

"Here's a face that, in manner, strangely attracts," said the Captain, pausing before the picture which he had partially described to Cushman King. "I suppose there's a history connected with it."

"Really, Captain Sharp, I cannot say," was the reply. "Wait till I consult the catalogue," and Althea turned to the private list she carried in her hand.

"Correct on an Englishman," she said, [illegible] it [illegible].

"No [illegible] no?" interrogated the old detective.

"None at all."

Phineus Sharp drew off and seemed to make a critical study of the portrait.

"The features call up a face I once saw in your country, Miss Hobbs; I mean a printed face."

"Can it be?" asked Miss Hobbs with just the slightest start.

"Of course I may be mistaken. If I am not I can't contrive what that face is doing in this place."

"What romance in your mind is connected with your picture?" she inquired.

"Of course I cannot tell you the man's name, he said "but he hadn't a very reputable last n[illegible]

"Oh!"

"You know, Miss Hobbs, that my profession draws me towards the criminal classes. [illegible], should have in connection [illegible] in this big Home Doctor Book containing 1008 pages with [illegible] colored [illegible] and bound in cloth, [illegible] 500 [illegible] sold for $1.50 each) is sent [illegible] to any one sending [illegible] stamps to pay cost of wrapping and postage. The [illegible] conditions to this offer and the [illegible] not associate this book with the [illegible] pamphlets prepared by quacks [illegible] country. Address Dept. B, 663 Wand [illegible] Buffalo, New York.

"For what was common and, in some places, reputable in those days. My Englishman was hanged for highway robbery. I've no doubt that he died like a gentleman," smiled the Captain. "Perhaps, if you or I had lived in those days, Miss Hobbs, and had undertaken to traverse Hounslow Heath with the Saddlestone sapphire, the elegant old cut-purse would have relieved us in the most bewitching manner."

"I've no doubt of it, my dear Captain," said Althea, bestowing on her vis-a-vis one of her famous smiles. "But to ponder is a picture much more to my liking.

"Yes, but this odd old face attracts me," persisted the detective. "Dear old rascal!" he muttered. "I wonder if he left any descendants?"

"Probably not."

"I'm going to look up his history some day," he observed. "I run to biographies of bad men. It's a [illegible] hobby, dear Miss Hobbs."

"In one of your profession, most pardonable," was the reply.

With this they left the picture gallery and moved toward the room of the missing jewel.

"It is an empty nest now," said the Captain as he entered. "I have thought how I could reconstruct the scene that took place here."

Indeed? I should like to hear," and Miss Hobbs leaned slightly against the plundered safe and waited for her companion to proceed.

"Of course the strange burglary took place in the night. The person knew the ground. That person may have been concealed in the house for hours before the time. I have heard of persons bent on crime to possess a plan of the premises for months before embarking in the venture. In this instance it may have been the case. The guilty one came slipping down corridor, [illegible] yonder, on tiptoe, with the whole house asleep. The workings of the locks are known to the thief. The hands may have opened such locks before under the guidance of a skilled instructor. You [illegible] [illegible] dear Miss Hobbs, how old [illegible] [illegible] academy in Dickson."

The elegant Miss Hobbs nodded assent.

"With the lock of the outer door open the thief stole back to see that the coast was clear," continued the old man. "Then that person came back and went to work on the safe. It had the same combination as the steel door yonder. Now it was easy work for the plunderer. Here, all alone, with the greatest sapphire in the world at his dishonesty's command, the theft was committed. It was not a great effort. The safe was deftly opened. If I were not aware that the famous Lilly is dead, I should say that he had come back and picked his masterpiece. But he gave the secret away to an apt pupil. With his dying breath, for Lilly has been dying by inches for three years, he communicated to the thief the secret of the Saddlestone lock."

"Do you really think so, Captain Sharp."

"There's not the slightest doubt of it. If the gentleman with the scar in the gallery could have come back to life, I wouldn't put the burglary past him, but he's only a painted memory now, you know. Well, as I was saying, my dear, the hand that picked the two locks was as cunning as the one that made them. They've arrested the maid and expect to get at the secret through her. That girl, my dear Miss Hobbs, is as innocent as a babe unborn."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Captain Sharp," exclaimed the beautiful Miss Hobbs, flushing. Juliette was very kind to me during our brief acquaintance."

"Yes."

"I cannot believe her guilty."

"Cumberford does, though."

"He jumps at conclusions," smiled Miss Hobbs.

"Just as our old man in the gallery used to jump at his well-pursed victims."

"Perhaps."

"There's nothing here for us, my dear lady," continued the Captain, offering his arm. "I'd rather sit under the Rubens in the parlor than inspect this place. Had it in your mind, did you ever meet one Captain Boxer in England?"

Whether it was a sudden indisposition or the sound of the name that whitened Miss Hobbs' face, she was not disposed to reveal.

"I knew the Captain," resumed Sharp, cruelly. "Got ten years for disgracing his fashionable society. Pardon me, Miss Hobbs, am I trenching on forbidden ground?"

There was no response. The beautiful Miss Hobbs seemed on the verge of a swoon.

CHAPTER XI

COOL PROCEEDINGS

"I shall see no one, Jacobs," said Cumberford Saddlestone, as he stepped into his private office from the down-town office. "I don't care to be disturbed."

Jacobs nodded and went away.

In less than five minutes Cumberford heard the voice of his factotum in altercation with a man beyond the walls of the room.

"He won't see any one, eh?" Saddlestone heard in a strange voice. "He'll see me, and the following moment the door opened and the figure of a robust, florid faced man appeared to Cumberford, who looked into his eyes from his chair.

The journey of the sapphire was in no pleasant mood. He had not yet recovered from his interview with John Moon, and he had an intuition that the person who now appeared in his presence was there for no good.

"I insisted I say, that [illegible] was to be admitted this morning," he said.

"I passed the barrier just the same," was the reply, accompanied by a little laugh.

Saddlestone leaned forward and for a moment [illegible] his visitor at closer range.

"I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance," said he to the man.

"Probably not," was the answer, as the man lingered. "Since Mr. Moon met with failure, I thought I would come myself."

Cumberford gave a quick start.

"I won't remain long," continued the caller. "It's a matter of business, and since you are busy, I shall get at once to the gist of my call."

"I cause do so."

"It's the old matter. Probably you've seen this paper before," and the speaker drew slowly from an inner pocket a folded paper, at sight of which Cumberford grasped

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"You needn't go farther," he said, putting out his hand in a gesture of refusal. I won't sign."

"You won't, eh?"

"That's what I've said, Mr. —"

"Jasper Nahant, if you please."

"Well, Mr. Nahant, I won't sign."

"Not to right a wrong?" and the lips of the man came together with an emphatic snap.

"I won't discuss the past," said Cumberford, with equal firmness. "I won't, there's the end of the matter."

Instead of taking umbrage at these sharply spoken words, Jasper Nahant opened the paper on the desk and smoothed out its creases. His coolness was exasperating.

"Of course you recall the incident," he said, with a further glance at Cumberford. "Such an event lies hardly escaped your recollection?"

"It is not a subject for discussion, as I have told you."

"Mebbe you think it's passed the statutes of limitation," with a sneer. "Well, it hasn't, Mr. Saddlestone, and it never will."

Cumberford bit his lips at these words and said nothing.

"Come, I've little time," said the other, impatiently. "Put your name here," and he designated a certain space at the bottom of the sheet which was covered with writing.

"What have you got there?" and Cumberford leaned forward and began to read.

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"It's simply an acknowledgment of the theft of the great sapphire from the Duke of Cornwall by one John Seguin, now known as the millionaire, Cumberford Saddlestone!"

A little cry escaped Cumberford's lips.

"It's only righting a wrong," Jasper Nahant went on in his imperturable manner, which, for the least, was very irritating. "You know that I was arrested on the charge of stealing the gem, and that I got five years for it at Botany Bay. I want to give my boy a good name. He is now growing up as the son of a thief. This paper recites the theft of the sapphire which, I understand, is again missing, and I want to hand it to my boy so that he will know that he is not a thief's offspring."

"But I can't," said Cumberford. "Think of the position it would put me in!"

"Think of the position it once put me in!" cried Nahant, impulsively. "I went in your place, Cumberford Saddlestone. For five years I suffered a living death in that hell on earth. The wonder is that I came back with my breath in my body. Three times I escaped and as often was dragged back to the devil's cauldron. You won't sign, eh? I don't intend to publish this confession. I shall not flaunt your rascality in the face of the world. Such is not my intention. I want to give my boy a name."

"We might compromise on another basis," ventured Cumberford, looking his visitor in the eye.

"You mean money, no doubt?"

Cumberford nodded.

"I don't want your money," with a flash. "I am not well off in the world's goods, and just now I'm not living in a palace. You haven't money enough to buy me off. I seek justice for the boy across the water."

Cumberford was silent.

"You stole the sapphire, eh?"

"You went to Botany Bay."

"Come, no insinuations!" cried Jasper Nahant, bending forward. "I am here for business. Your name, please."

The paper was pushed forward under Cumberford's eyes and he drew off with a mad stare in his eyes. His gaze suddenly roamed to a certain drawer with brass handles.

"You got it in there," said the man with a laugh. "I know it is there, but open that drawer and you're a dead man."

Cumberford's moving hand fell back.

"What if I refuse to sign?" said he.

"You will find my answer in the papers tomorrow morning," was the cool retort.

"What if I sign?"

"You will find nothing in the papers."

Slowly Cumberford's hand slid towards the paper and he took up the pen.

"It was a well played game," Jasper Nahant went on. "I never heard of a cleverer one in all my life. You were the Duke's guest and he never suspected you. Who would have thought that the elegant John Seguin would steal a jewel? I'll admit that the temptation was great. By Jove! one could almost afford to do time just to know that such an accomplished rascal lived!"

Saddlestone said nothing but traced his name at the bottom of the sheet, and then, dropping the pen, pushed the document towards his visitor.

"Thank you," said Jasper Nahant, folding the paper and slipping it into his pocket. "This is for the boy, for Aaron. He'll never be ashamed to look the world in the face. When I am dead he'll find this paper and know the truth."

"What if I am living then?" gasped Cumberford.

"Oh, I make no note of that," with a smile. "You've confessed to stealing the Duke's sapphire and that's all I care for."

Jasper Nahant rose and stepped back.

"You haven't found the sapphire yet?" he asked quietly.

"No."

"Maybe you haven't looked in the right place. That stone has had a lot of adventures since it left the breastplate of Aaron. You've set the trailers on the track?"

"Yes."

"And I hear you've had a girl arrested, one of your maids. In the name of Moses, Mr. Cumberford, how could that girl have opened a lock made by the great Lally?"

"I'm not asking that question," answered Cumberford. "We'll make her confess and then we'll reach out our hands and get the man who did the job."

Jasper Nahant buttoned his coat over the precious paper and walked towards the door.

For a moment his back was turned towards Saddlestone, and in that flying space he heard a little click.

He carried and looked into the muzzle of a revolver which was gripped in the millionaire's hand. The eyes that looked over the shining barrel of steel had a terrible flash.

"Throw that paper on the desk!" commanded Cumberford. "You see I've got the upper hand!"

Instead of Jasper Nahant's hand moving towards his pocket it remained at his side and a laugh rippled over his lips.

"Now, you wouldn't orphan my boy?" smiled Jasper.

"I want that paper."

"You might be a poor shot, Cumberford, old boy."

"I won't miss you, that's certain!"

"Very well. Since you have it your own way press the trigger and read the morning papers."

There was a threat in these words which could not be misunderstood.

"Now, you don't think I'd come down here without leaving a duplicate confession somewhere?" said Nahant. "I'm no fool if I once acted that role at your bidding. I watched while you took. Why don't you press the trigger, Cumberford? There's death in your eyes, but you're an arrant coward."

Cumberford threw the revolver back into the open drawer and saw Jasper Nahant slip away with the confession next his heart.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

The Saddlestone function, which had been interrupted by the theft of the sapphire, was again announced in the society columns of half a dozen papers. Some declared that the gem had been quietly recovered and that it would yet blaze on the bosom of the beautiful Miss Hobbs. The fete promised to arouse the greatest curiosity and enthusiasm, and when the night came the guests who had been previously disappointed betook themselves to the glowing mansion in Golden avenue.

Miss Hobbs was bewilderingly gowned for the occasion. As she swept into the parlors all eyes were centered upon her and all looked for the sapphire, which was not there.

She carried herself as became one of exalted lineage; she was the enshrinement of grace and beauty, and the whole house went into raptures over Saddlestone's beautiful guest.

Boswell, who greatly admired the girl, was there with anything before his eyes but the divine Althea. He followed her like a slave, and Cumberford and Eudosia watched him with interest, for nothing would have given them more pleasure than to see Boswell come off the English Helen.

The one fly just now in Cumberford's ointment was the absence of the sapphire. Juliette still languished in prison with a charge of theft, despite Cushman King's declaration of her innocence, and Saddlestone had not been troubled with another vast from him.

The splendid Althea was the center of attraction in the magnificent room that swam in beauty like a fairy bower. She received the homage due her with the grace of a queen, with the enraptured Boswell ready to kiss or catch her as occasion might arise.

All at once the roving gaze of the girl fell upon a figure that leaned slightly against a table not far away. Her color came and went, but the white remained longest.

Suddenly she discovered one came lightly forward and held out her hand to the elegant Miss Hobbs.

"I congratulate you on your appearance tonight," she said to the English girl. "You are looking magnificent, my dear."

Althea's look became a stare of surprise and then indignation.

"I was not aware—" she began, and then remained silent.

"Not aware that I had been invited?" said Mag, who had introduced herself Miss Henderson. "The world is full of surprises, my love." She spoke in low but clear tones. "I just couldn't remain away, you know. It seems like old times. You remember the balls at Richmond's hall? Of course you do. We were the reigning belles that night. Our dear friend Cumberford really eclipses the scenes of that night, don't you think?"

Miss Hobbs was looking coldly into Mag's face.

"Please do not tarry too long near me," she said, lowering her voice.

"You're not ashamed of your old friend Iris?" laughed Mag. "If you could only wear the sapphire tonight you would have nothing to complete your conquest of the city."

Althea rose suddenly, and taking Mag's arm, conducted her from the parlor and down the wide hall which led into the west wing of the house.

She opened a door near the end of the passage and thrust Mag inside, following quickly upon her heels and closing the door after her.

"Tell me," she said, turning upon Mag with a face still devoid of every sign of color. "Tell me how you got here?"

"Why, bless you, my dear child," laughed Mag, "I just walked in."

"Without an invitation?"

"Certainly. Do you think I needed one?"

"This is an exclusive function——"

"And I'm an exclusive woman," interrupted Mag. "If Captain Boxer were here he'd vouch for me."

Althea's hand gripped Mag's arm and she pulled her forward.

"Don't breathe that name in this house," she said fiercely. "Why do you mention it?"

"I just mentioned the Captain, you know."

"Well, the mere mention is more than enough," cried Althea. "I wish you'd go away, Iris."

"And miss the cotillion and the feast?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"I can't think of it, my dear Althea!" cried Mag, drawing back. "I haven't tasted

(Continued on page twenty-two.)

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Send us $3.40 and we will at once ship you by express one box securely packed containing 12 Full 16-Ounce Bottles Lackland 100 Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law and pronounced by expert judges to be the purest, most wholesome and delicious whiskey ever distilled.

When the box reaches you, drink one full bottle to test the taste, strength and rare mellow qualities of "Old Lackland," and if you fail to pronounce it absolutely the finest whiskey you ever drank, return the other 11 bottles and we will refund your money at once. We know that if you try "Old Lackland," you will always want it, and must order from us in the future. Remember, you can get a 100 Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey for less than 29c a bottle! But you must act promptly. At this phenomenal price, the goods will go like wildfire. Order now—only

Mail Dept. E

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Box 27 South Bend, Ind.

The Runaway Wife.

(Continued from page seven.)

premium, so that in working out his vengeance, Dioneza was making money.

Martin had reached the end of the week, as he had promised. That is, he reappeared as his natural self, having assumed during his supposed absence the disguise of a blind beggar. Anita thanked him warmly for what he had done for her; then she asked him how she could know exactly when the San Paulo would reach Rio de Janeiro. Martin had then offered to watch for the vessel's arrival for her. She accepted gratefully.

A few days later, Martin came to announce that the San Paulo had met with an accident, but that it would reach Rio some time that afternoon. Then he asked her what her plans of revenge were. She told him that so far she had been unable to find one that was suitable to the offense.

"I want to punish him in a manner that will strike him as deeply as I have been struck. He has no heart; therefore I can not make him suffer through the heart," she finished thoughtfully.

"Why not strike his pride? If I have judged him correctly, he is proud of his name and his standing. Disgrace his name, and you are avenged," suggested Martin, following Dioneza's orders.

"Disgrace it? How?" asked Anita, looking at Martin closely, misunderstanding his meaning, thinking he now wanted to accept that which she had partly offered him at Buenos Aires.

"Nothing easier. When he is in Rio, make public your real identity. Reveal yourself as the wife of Ricardo Cabrenza, the noted Panama politician. Tell publicly how he has treated you, leaving you penniless in Buenos Aires, thus forcing you to resume your dancing. Expose him to the world as the coward he really is."

Anita had risen, her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving. His idea was just what she had been searching for to humble the man's pride as hers had been humbled.

"I will do it," she cried.

Like a puppet in Dioneza's hands she was working out her own undoing as well as Cabrenoza's. Seeing Smith that very afternoon, after Martin had assured her that Cabrenoza had landed, she suggested that the following week they make a sensational revelation of her name and condition, and that she would in everything but name live. She would appear before the curtain at the opening of her act, she said, tell the story of her wrongs, then remove her mask and give her name. After that she would give her usual dance.

Smith seemed overjoyed, called her a good, [illegible] that she was making his fortune, and offering her $50 per week of the night's receipts as a proof of his gratitude. The next morning the Rio papers began to advertise the coming sensation—that on the following Friday night the mysterious dancer of the Paz would remove her mask and tell the story of her name to the audience.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Adrift on an Iceberg.

(Continued from page eleven.)

[illegible] Ruel, though he kept silent, could not approve.

There was an echo of the conversation an hour later when Jerry Boxe approached the mate confidentially.

"Sir," he said, with usual respectful manner, "we ain't on shipboard now, but I hold myself bound to them notions o' discipline what ships have. Wherefore, sir, beggin' pardon if I'm too free, but the lads are a bit befogged by our captain."

"In what way, Jerry?"

"Why, sir, it's along of his talk about hitchin' them birds to the Peggy to carry her to deep water."

"Rather a good joke, isn't it?"

"Is that what you call it?"

"What else could it be call[illegible]?"

"Well, sir, I'm no seaman an' don't want to make no mean talk, but my mates are wrought up in their intellects, as I may say, sir. The captain has had a piece of trouble, what with his ill luck in getting ketched in the Arctic when he wanted to be back in New Bedford, and then with Tom Minker's ugliness, an', to blurt it right out, the lads fear it has taken his mind aback."

"Bless me, Jerry!" cried Ruel, who was ready for the statement, "your mates are lacking in appreciation of a good joke.

"Everybody knows that all the Arctic fowl in creation could not lift the Peggy, and that's where the joke comes in. Captain Drake likes to make a break in the gloom of our situation by a little fun."

"Oh-h!" returned Jerry slowly, and with his four fingers scraping away at his chin. "So that's it?"

"Just so."

"That's what the hands used to think."

"And why not now?"

"I'm wishin' I hadn't brought this subjick up, sir. Well, you ask why not now? I'll tell ye, Mr. Taylor. The captain is so serious when he says it, you see. If a man jokes he is mighty eager them who hears him should laugh. We fok'sle hands always get madder than a wet hen if our jokes ain't appreciated an' laughed at, but the captain, why, he makes his—his joke—a reglar funeral, if I may say so."

The honest face turned upon Ruel was itself of the funereal order, but the good will of the loyal fellow had never been more manifest, so the mate persisted in laughing [illegible] and in trying to set a different [illegible] among the fore-the-masters. Jerry was obliging, and he finally went away promising to teach the doctrine of a joke, but his heartiness did not ring true. Nor, as ever, he was not fully convinced.

He left Ruel in worry. Was it possible that Drake had been over-taxed by his calamities to such an extent that his mind felt the strain more than could be borne with equilibrium? Solon Wing had long advanced this idea secretly, and now it was afoot among the sailors.

When he next sought his blanket Ruel slept but poorly. Trouble was piling up too thick for his liking. The imprisonment of the whalers in the ice, the situation of the Peggy, the war of the Minker party, the possibility that the ice would break in the spring only to drown every man—and now this question as to Drake's sanity!

Long did the mate worry, but he finally cast off the burden of gloom. Drake was sound of mind as a new ship-mast of tin—and he was sure of it. He would not be [illegible] otherwise. Arguments to the contrary were absurd. He was prolific of reasonable ideas and practical in managing the camp. All that talk about birds to lift the Peggy was part of his plan to instill lightness into their daily life, and that was all. He laughed at his brief uneasiness and went to sleep.

It was seventy-two hours after this, and the time that would have been evening had it not been for lasting night, that Captain Drake called all hands about him in the [illegible]-chamber.

"It's [illegible] time," he said genially, "but is rather an event, I [illegible] with me [illegible]."

His [illegible] smile told the hands that he [illegible] their interest in his statement, and he was not disappointed.

"Ay bully!" cried Solon Wing, "three cheers for our good skipper!"

Hardly had the words left the second mate's lips before the cheers rang out, and then Davy Weed stepped forward, pulling his [illegible] and [illegible].

"Sir," said he, "speakin' for myself [illegible] all my mates, here's wishin' you a hap[illegible] many returns of that same, sir!"

"And [illegible] sir!" added Jerry Boxe, with a [illegible] in the [illegible] for a King.

Others had something to add, and Drake was deeply gratified. His eyes beamed, and he called them closer and shook hands with all.

"Now, my jumping seas o' the stiff gale," he soon pursued, "I want to make this evening memorable. In spite of the fact that we have strong drink maple now, and we've wisely drank but little. There is, however, it seems fit to me that a glass of grog should go to every person aboard. Grog for all, my lively[illegible]! Ay, and I'll mix it with my own hands. You know my way, and know that I don't think any human being was created for a swill-tub, but I [illegible] no harm in celebrating anniversaries, if it's done with judgment. Now for all, lads!"

Again they cheered, after which Drake went about the mixing.

"Sir," said the second mate to Ruel, "it does my soul good to see the spirit of this crew. No sulking, no [illegible] in the dumps, but cheerful minds and willing obedience. A fine crew, sir."

"You are right, Mr. Wing. It is a good [illegible]."

[illegible] time the compound was mixed and put where the sailors believed it would do the most good. They pronounced the mixing perfect, and Drake was toasted with ardor. Only a single glass was given to each man, so the hilarity that returned was that of reason, and when they turned in it was with their usual system.

Ruel, wrapped in his blanket, lay for a while meditating upon their situation and wondering if spring would show them a way of saving their lives, but he presently fell asleep. Some hours he lay thus, resting well, but he finally was seized upon by evil dreams and woke in affright. The danger of the dream had been purely foreign, but, becoming conscious, he found himself shivering with cold and otherwise strangely oppressed.

Every muscle, every limb, everything but his mind seemed to be deadened and turned to palsied inactivity. Startled by so singular a thing he had a harsh shock that was almost terrible, and he made, after a struggle, to rise to a sitting position. What he saw was even worse.

All fires were out, and the cold was entering freely at an open door, together with a [illegible] snow, and around him, breathing heavily, his mates lay like so many men battling with coming death.

What appalling mishap was afoot in that stricken refuge?

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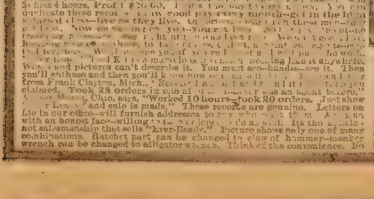

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SEND NO MONEY—[illegible] today—right now. We'll send [illegible] our proposition by return mail.

Boy's and Girl's Corner

Oscar Hartley's Fortune;

Or, Stepping Into Dead Men's Shoes

By Ida M. Shepler

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

OUT OF WORK.

"PUT DOWN that ... Kid. Things is quit movin' now fur awhile in this enterprise—that is, unless the boss shoves our pay up a notch, right sudden. It's a pity fur you. Actually, I never saw a man that just naturally loves an' adores work, an' hates play, as you do."

The workman, addressing Oscar Hartley, turned from the puddling machine, and, having finished his speech, rolled down his sleeves, eyeing a man far down the shop who was leisurely making his way along its length, sneaking quietly to each man as he did so.

"Who is it?" the boy, a sturdy lad of between fifteen and sixteen, asked quietly, still clutching his shovel, and making no move to pull down his sleeves, as his companion had done.

"Now, look here, Kid. Don't let him see you a huggin' that shovel as though it was your best girl you was goin' to be married immediate from. These things must be. Understand? That must be one of the walkin' delegates sent out from the Union's headquarters to bid us lay down de shubbin an' de hoe, an' take up de fiddle an' de bow—"

"I never meant that man. I guessed what he was up to the minute he came in. I'm sure that odd looking jake following him. Is he one of the Union officials, too? If he is he has the youngest face to go with red hair and whiskers, streaked with grey, that I ever saw," and Oscar Hartley's eyes indicated the person he meant.

"Don't know him. Some person just strolling through the steel works to take notes. Mebbe a reporter. A gangly fellow, hain't he? Lay down that shovel and take a rest, sonny. Here he comes."

"I don't wear your union button, Bill Orm, and I'll not quit work until the Stine brothers, who own these works, tell me to. I'll not. I'm making good wages for a kid. I like my job, and I owe three dollars on the first whole suit of clothes I ever owned. How will I pay it?" Oscar Hartley's eyes were low and firm, a troubled look was deepening the brown in his eyes. It was a long speech for the boy, noted among his fellow laborers for his quiet, respectful ways, his industry, his ready hand and will to help in an emergency, whether the work belonged to his own particular province or not.

Bill Orm smiled as he answered: "Oh, you an' the Stines could hardly run this thing, just you three. Besides the Stines are those that spin not, nether do they weave. They just rake in the dollars we spin and weave out for them, as I've said. But you kin goad an' starve the hoss that makes your livin' fur you sometimes too fur. See? If he's a human hoss, he kicks out of the traces sometimes. You're no scab, Hartley."

"I'm not," the boy humbly replied. "I wasn't thinking for myself, but of my poor mother, who now depends on me for a living, and the man I owed."

"Shoot the debt! 'Tain't much. Let it go," his companion answered lightly, watching Oscar put his shovel in its accustomed place as though it were something [illegible]

"Not if I can help it will I let it go. I'm not built that way," he answered back grimly, and turned to the [illegible] Orm on with his coat, [illegible] to the few words he [illegible] to both, and lettin. Bill answer [illegible]e, my man, all right I'm [illegible] until it's [illegible]

This was Oscar Hartley's first experience in a strike. This work in the Independence Steel Mills, [illegible]ression, was his first real job. His wages were not large, not nearly enough for the hard work he did, but it was very large and secretly elated when [illegible] a check was handed him, and the [illegible] he must [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]t, and study how to make his money [illegible]etheat, it was good to know that it was [illegible]n and there was more to come next week—until now. That last thought brought trouble to his boyish heart as he watched the men, now beginning to file out past the office window to receive the wages due them.

Oscar came last. There would be but little more than the money due on his suit for him. The elder Stine called

"Step up lively, my boy, and let us get this over."

"I'm sorry this has happened, Mr. Stine," Oscar said, very low, his look showing that it was meant.

"I'm sorry, too," the senior owner curtly replied.

An old woman standing by had caught the boy's word. With a sneer, she cried out:

"Sorry, sonny, why don't you set in to crying for the Stines? They need your sympathy so much. Scab!"

The boy's lips quivered with rising anger, an ugly retort trembled for utterance, but young as he was he realized proclaimed him to be, [illegible] was fully under his [illegible] [illegible] too manly to quarrel with a woman, one so old and wrinkled, although it was not considered disgraceful for the people in his part of the town to answer back Granny McNabb's revilings.

[illegible] remark to the elder Stine had been [illegible] from him unexpected, and by something in the man's eyes deeper than the office. He realized that he must keep his mouth shut now where sympathy ran uppermost for the men who had given up work.

With a shrug of his shoulders, half contempt, half don't care, pocketing the check handed him as he did so, Oscar came face to face with the pale-looking young fellow he had seen following the delegate about the works. The fellow was now eyeing him in strangely searching manner. As he gawked into Oscar's face, he stumbled straight across the toes of Bill Orm. Hungly, sharp nosed face burst into a pleased grin as Bill limped off a step or two, holding his crippled foot and groaning over "that blasted corn."

"Put yer feet in yer pocket," [illegible] fellow, his voice a boyish treble. He impudent tone and the laugh angered Bill.

"You grinzly red head! Who give you [illegible] shoes? Tell me the name [illegible] that I can [illegible] out of the fool house and I'll—"

But Red Head, as Oscar secretly named the stranger, was hurrying out of reach of the now irate Bill, while Granny McNabb followed the stranger, her short, dirty skirts showing an expanse of stockingless ankle, the [illegible] [illegible] ing [illegible] a tattoo on the brick walk as she hobbled along.

"I remember a strike. My [illegible] ing then," Oscar soberly said to Bill, "when old Granny fought teeth and nail for everything she could pick up and carry away from the other women. I saw her beat a poor little child that had picked up a stick of wood a teamster had dropped from his wagon. The child got the stick first, but Granny declared she saw it first and it was her own. She took it, too. I saw her fight with another woman for a loaf of bread some one had thrown to both. Granny got all, and she's stolen—"

"You can't tell me nothin' I don't know about Granny, my boy, for she's of a bad lot. That Mike McNabb, the son she lives with, is no better than his mammy. And those children, mulling wife, and all that gang of kids. Who's that girl that lives with them? My old woman says they make her do all the work. Your step-ma has sort of befriended the girl, hain't she?"

"That's Daisy Nelson, and a mighty fine, smart, and good looking girl," Oscar warmly answered. "She's a sort of a distant, very far-away relation of some of the young Mc'NabNabb's relations. Because she is an orphan they got her to come and live with them."

At a street corner they parted, Bill to join a group of men discussing the strike, Oscar to hurry home.

"I'd like to be a farmer," he thought. "No strikes there. But then, it takes money to be a farmer. Mummy will never leave Oreston with me if I'd want her to. Says she can't leave those graves. I know it was sad, but the dead can't help us, and what's the use of that kind of sentiment, anyway? Poor little, loving stepmother!"

Far out at this end of the town, Oscar came to the last grocery. He stopped, jamming his hands in his pockets, a flush mantling his well featured face. It was a sober, honest face, lit up with handsome eyes; then he said aloud in musing way:

"I told Haines to save me two quarts of the finest strawberries that came in, and a peck of sweet potatoes, and some of that good salt rising bread, and now! Oh, God, it's hard to be hungry and poor! I [illegible] the strawberries mostly for mamsy. [illegible] can't help it. I'll have to let them go [illegible] the bread. Odd, I didn't [illegible] the strike was so close at hand."

"Just the bread is all this evening. I'm sorry," Oscar told the storekeeper.

"That's all right," the grocer replied heartily as he hunted for an old newspaper with which to wrap the bread. "I'm on the side of the strikers. Course, when one fights for principle sake something has to be sacrificed, somebody has got to suffer for [illegible]"

[illegible] decided [illegible] of himself and the present good [illegible] principle involved, the [illegible] good [illegible] he went out of the store, [illegible] his step [illegible], the grocer [illegible] to think:

"That's a boy that would rather work for [illegible] than now work at all. [illegible] his stepma kept him in school. He [illegible] education that will let him into [illegible] handling a shovel if he tries to find it."

The part of Oreston ended in a crooked country road along which were ranged and clumped the homes of many of the steel workers. In the door of a tumble down house, a [illegible]ing, watery eyed woman, peered in frowning, fretful way from under a dirty hand. This was young Mrs. McNabb. Nearby Granny was loudly explaining the phases of the strike to a group of neighboring women, while half a dozen McNabb children reveled in the dusty road and fought with the neighbor's children.

From a wayside pump, a [illegible] down the road, a young girl [illegible] came slowly, staggering under the weight of two large buckets of water.

"Daisy Nelson! You [illegible] screamed young Mrs. McNabb, [illegible] herself along with that water [illegible] [illegible] thickened her steps, [illegible] she had not wasted one moment of time in getting the water.

The girl was [illegible] [illegible] brown, her cheeks faintly pink, her features good, her light brown hair neatly combed. Oscar hurried his steps, for Daisy was the object of pity because of the McNabb position and abuse, the girl being a slave to every member of the family.

Nearby Granny stood Red Head, his arms folded, his manner important, his little eyes watching Daisy.

"What's he to the McNabbs?" Oscar thought.

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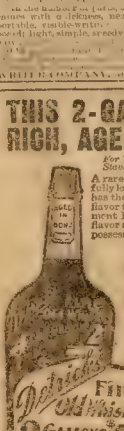

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SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruptions, the [illegible] watch the top of the [illegible] [illegible] and dark scales form, [illegible] of matter. In some [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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Moler System of Colleges CHICAGO

The girl must pass the red headed stranger. As she came up to him his arms fell limp at his side, and, sprawling over, he sent a look into Daisy's eyes meant to be fetching.

With a look of half disdain, a cold turning of her head, the young girl made a detour to avoid coming in close contact with his coarse person. A look of surprise swept across his red face and lit up the butternilk eyes. Springing in front of the girl, he said harshly:

"Ah, naw, you don't now! You'd cut me dead, would you? Well, I'm not that kind. I'm tip top and I 'spect to stay tip top. Come on, Honey, and give us a bus. Right fore all these folkses, so they'll see fur themselves how well you loves me!"

Throwing his hands to his denuded head and face, now showing very youthful as to the last, very ashy as to the first, Daisy's assailant ran toward the McNabb home, followed by Granny, who was muttering something that sounded very much like "Fool, fool!"

"Who is he, and what does that mean, Daisy?" Oscar asked. Pitching the false hair away, then sprang to rescue the loaf of bread he had laid upon the ground, from the snatching, dirty hands of one of the McNabb children.

"I don't know," she answered, looking with dismay upon the upturned buckets. "I guess he must be a detective. He came to our house quite secretly last night, and Granny and he have been prowling about all day until now. Mr. McNabb let out that he was a sort of a far off cousin of his mother's, but he'd not own him."

"Give it up or I'll kil you?"

The girl shrank from the face now drawn into an ugly persuasive pucker. The face poked itself nearer her own.

"Stand out of my way, you ugly ruffian!" She called out sternly, trying to pass him.

"I guess not, my purty white Dove! Give—" The bucket from Daisy's right hand fell to the ground, the next instant that hand came smack across his mouth. Some of the women standing by cried "Shame!" to the ugly stranger, the McNabb kids shouted in high glee, while Granny screeched angrily:

"Daisy Nelson! You dirty little pauper, what's you actin' yourself above them that could buy an' sell you if you was black? Kiss her of you want to, but I must say that you are demeanin' yerself when you do!"

At this encouragement the Red Head caught the girl roughly about the shoulders, bringing his ugly mouth very close to her averted face, to find himself, before his desire was accomplished, jerked back and faced about by Oscar Hartley.

The stranger struck at his assailant, but Oscar, still holding him, parried the blow, and with a well directed second, laid the lout flat, but was dragged down himself as his opponent went over. For one brief minute there was the worrying sound as of two bull dogs met in anger, a rain of blows, then Granny McNabb, realizing that the stranger was getting the worst of the battle, rushed to his rescue, pulling vigorously at Oscar, who emerged from the scramble grasping a red and grizzly wig in his hand.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

Beyond the last straggling houses at the end of the town lay a stretch of unfenced land called the Commons. This had once been a part of the town, was yet, but the old houses once cumbering it had been torn down by the Stines, who had purposed building factories upon it, and thus extending their works. The collapse of said manufacturers had cramped their business in such a manner that this, so far, had never been done. At the far end of this weedy, shrubby ground stood the Hartley cottage.

The woman who owned this cottage was not Oscar's own mother, although he believed that had his mother lived he could not have loved her more than he did his little stepmother. Perhaps not so well, for he knew other boys whose mothers he felt were not so kind to their boys as his dead father's second wife had been to himself.

David Hartley had worked in the Stine Steel Works. He had been a foreman, industrious and steady for years, but a sickly wife and four small children made it impossible for him to accumulate money. At the birth of Oscar the first wife had died, and a year after David Hartley married again, this time his wife being quite young, and possessed of some property in this part of the town.

Marcia Hartley, though little more than a child herself when married, had proved a loving wife. She had shared her property and home with her husband and his children cheerfully.

A long sickness had come upon David Hartley. One that terminated only in the grave. Everything that could be done to save him, to make his last days comfortable, the little second wife had done, selling off her property piece by piece, not only to do this but to keep herself and his children.

When he had died it had been quietly contented, for she had promised to never forsake the children.

An epidemic, common to children, had entered Oreston, the Hartley children had taken it and all died but the youngest and strongest, Oscar. Four little graves were made beside the father's. The little stepmother had gone almost wild with grief. Only that the little boy, the baby, must yet be carefully nursed if he be saved, had kept her grief from bringing on a decline.

Debt she disliked, and taught Oscar a horror of it. When the last bill incident upon all this sickness and death was paid, the poorest of her household left her, and that far across the unkept ground.

She had then sought work to keep herself and the boy, and he, industrious, as she often remarked, from his very cradle, had sought all kinds of work that boyish hands could do, out of school days and hours, to help her. At fifteen he had gone into the "Works."

Of late months Oscar's stepmother had not been well. Work, except of the very lightest, she must give up. This afternoon, as he came across the Commons, he noticed that she stood in the door waiting.

"How pale she looks," Oscar thought, then, giving the old roof, the dilapidated fence about the house a critical stare, he murmured something about having time to fix them now.

Mrs. Hartley, a pretty little woman still, though pale and wan, seeing that her stepson hesitated, called cheerily:

"Come and tell me all about it, son. Don't look so glum. It will all come right. We will get along somehow. There is always a way provided."

"Of course, I knew you would try to look on the bright side, mamsy," Oscar replied, handing her the bread. "I can't find a bright side until I find work. Can't we go away somewhere? The doctor said a change, even only to the next county, might cure you."

Mrs. Hartley now put away the bread and was carefully folding and smoothing the rumpled paper in which it had been wrapped, saying, a note of apology in her voice: "The paper is an old one but it is from Ottawa, Canada, and once I had a school girl friend who married a Dauphess man of that city. I have never heard from her since she went with her husband to his home. Perhaps I may chance upon some piece of her in this paper." Then, changing the subject, answered the question put to her.

"If I thought it for the best, my boy, I would go. But away from here we must pay rent. We could not rent this to any person of consequence. Those who might want to live out on this desolate heath would very likely refuse to pay rent, and the little remnant of a home and shelter left us. We will not be in too great a hurry I am sure the Stines will give their men the wages they ask. Then, don't you remember, when you helped the gypsy woman across the road she looked at your hand and told you that out on these Commons, right near this home, you would find the way to a fortune; that 'dead men's shoes awaited you.'"

Oscar knew his stepmother was simply talking now in light vein, but he asked:

"What does that phrase mean? 'Stepping into dead men's shoes?' I've heard people say it."

"That you inherit a fortune just as it is left by the dead. You take up their work just where they laid it down. Sit down in the midst of the surroundings they left, as it were, and step into their shoes, and sometimes take their name and title. I guess I have explained it all right. I don't know."

"That's good enough. I understand. Fortune tellers always predict good fortune to all. Some day, then, people think what a lot they do know. I had forgotten all about the old gypsy woman. It was an easy way to pay for mending that wheel. I heard the gold jingling in her pockets. I'd rather be paid with that instead of hot air," Oscar returned in good natured vein.

After supper Oscar hunted up some of his school books. Each night he studied, as his teacher had advised when she found he must quit school. Mrs. Hartley opened a window near the table where he sat, for the night had turned quite sultry. Then, drawing a chair to the table, opened the paper from Ottawa.

The moon had not, as yet, risen. Outside it was dark and crickets with all manner of nocturnal insects, chirped and twittered lonesomely over the waste ground. Something moved uneasily in the shrubs.

Oscar peered out of the window. "It's the breeze stirring the vines," he thought.

Presently, his stepmother sharply gasped, then said: "Oh, listen, son!"

"What found something there about your school friend? Is she dead, or married again?" Oscar asked lightly.

"No, no, it is nearer to us, to you, than that. I've told you of your Uncle Thomas, your only relative, if he were alive when I talked to you of him. I had thought he might be dead. Still, I could not be sure as he would not be an old man at all. This may be him. I am almost sure it is. He has just lately died, it seems.

"You see, your father and this man, if it is whom I think, were twins, and only children of their parents. They lived in Liverpool, England. The parents died leaving the children to the care of a distant relative. The relative was not good to the boys and talked of separating them. This frightened the brothers, who were all in all

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to each other. They stole away one night, hid in a ship, and were thus enabled to come to America.

"Always, until grown, they would not be separated. They came to Creston to work in the steel mills. Then your father met your mother, and married her. Somehow, after this, Thomas was not satisfied. He was jealous of your father's love for your mother. Though he did not care for him as he once had. He left finally for Canada, settling in Manitoba.

"I am very sure that your father never believed that his brother would get on in the world at all, but if this man be your uncle he certainly left money and valuable property when he died."

Oscar, as was his nature, waited patiently for his stepmother to stop explaining. As she was not a woman who talked too much or at random, he felt that her explanation of something he had not before known, would give him a better idea of the item she was preparing to read to him.

"This is what it says," she began. "It is in the items from a town named Tevis, in Manitoba.

"The report brought into town some time ago by an Italian named Pierre Moro, of the upper Mouse River country, telling of the death, by drowning, of our respected citizen, Thomas Hartley, has been corroborated by the lawyer who is settling the business affairs of Mr. Hartley. The lawyer went to investigate.

"Some years ago Thomas Hartley, while on a business trip to Ottawa, was persuaded with the town, since which time, each summer, because of a peculiar nervous complaint it brought about, he has been compelled to go into the cooler regions until the extreme heat of our summer is over. At these times his affairs were ably looked after by his manager, Joshua Beam.

"Thomas Hartley died in possession of considerable wealth in land. He owned several hundred acres of wheat and corn land, all under cultivation, also a fruit farm, valued at over twenty-five thousand dollars.

"As Mr. Hartley had never married, and died leaving no disposition of his estate, the property by law now reverts to the nearest of blood. Just how many of these there may be is not known, as he was never heard to speak of kindred except his twin brother, who lives somewhere in the States. Nothing to indicate where this brother may be located could be found in the few papers left by Mr. Hartley."

"It surely must be your uncle, Oscar." Mrs. Hartley's voice was quivering, her hand trembling, the paper dropped upon the table before her.

"Don't go to getting excited now, mamsy, you know that will not be good for you," Oscar quietly said, reaching over to touch her shaking hands. "I'm not going to build on that inheritance at all until I get it. There are many Hartleys in the world, and some of them may be twins."

"But, Oscar, I remember. There is a letter your father has among those he treasured from his brother, that is postmarked Tevis. This was written while your mother lived and was nearly the last letter ever written by him to your father. He begged him to leave the shops and come up there. Said it was fine farming and fruit land, and he was going in for some of it. Your mother would not go. She feared the cold.

"Why, Oscar," his stepmother went on after a breath or two, "there should be a Bible among your uncle's effects just like one I have of your father's. Their mother gave each one alike, with her favorite texts in it marked the same, and all the births of their people with their own, back several generations—that is, the direct line back of the twins. I will go get the Bible and all the little mementoes left by your father of his people. I have kept them safely for you."

From the upper drawer of an old fashioned bureau in her bedroom Mrs. Hartley brought out a well wrapped box. Over the few letters and the small Bible it contained, the two pored and talked until the talk ended with Oscar writing a letter to the postmaster of Tevis asking information of Thomas Hartley, late a citizen of that vicinity.

When this was all done it was quite late. As Mrs. Hartley retired to her bedroom she carried the box with her, depositing it in a drawer, which opened and closed quite easily, and which through the open bed room door was in full view of one who stood opposite the window, near which they had carried on the conversation.

A few minutes later, Oscar retired to his own room, which also opened into the sitting room. The door of each bed room was left open into this room, partially for better ventilation, and partly because of his stepmother's sickness, Oscar preferring to be in close hearing if she should suddenly get worse.

Scarcely had the light gone out when a head bearing a black mask over the eyes and nose, shot up from the shrubbery outside the open window by the sitting room table. Down again it went to wait an hour longer until it was safe to climb in.

Mrs. Hartley had immediately gone to sleep, but not so Oscar. The events of the day had left him nervous. The item in the paper which he had brought wrapped about the bread, kept dancing before his eyes, and with it danced that wig he had torn from off the head of that queer faced boy, masquerading as a detective. Oscar was too shrewd and had read too much to believe that he was anything but a gawky greenhorn, a blowhard. Real detectives had at times come to Creston. He had quite a respect for the real thing in that line.

The moon finally began to show itself, throwing a white square of light on the wall of the sittingroom opposite his door. Presently, as he lay staring at it, something dark shadowed across it. Something like a skulking dog. But was it inside or out? He sat up in bed to investigate. A slight sound as of a slipping drawer caught his hearing. It came from his stepmother's room. The next instant a shadow again crossed the square of moonlight on the wall. This time very plain, that of a person. Oscar comprehended its meaning, and instantly was out of bed and after the thief.

He caught the intruder by the legs just as he was going over the window sill, and together they fell outside, the struggle awakening Mrs. Hartley.

"Bring the revolver! Bring the revolver, mamsy!" shouted Oscar in muffled voice. In the fall he had been turned, giving the thief the advantage in the fight. The revolver was an old affair, broken and unloaded. Oscar knew it, and his stepmother instantly guessed that he was bluffing.

Trembling and white as her gown, she leaned out of the window, snapping the old revolver and pressing its cold steel against the cheek of the burglar. This was too much for him. Believing that it contained bullets, and his own gun having fallen from his hand as he went out of the window, he flung off the hold Oscar was gripping him with by one supreme effort, then set off across the Commons as fast as a pair of long spindle shanks could carry him.

But Oscar, though shorter and heavier, was after him the next second, spurred by desperation to secure the spoils the thief was carrying away. Straight ahead was a deep, open ditch, once an old sewer. The burglar could not see it for the weeds growing in and about it, but Oscar knew of it. Unless the thief took it with a bound he would catch him. And there was where he would catch him. And here he did. The thief went down, doubling over like a jack knife. Before he could recover himself Oscar was on him.

"Give it up! Give it up, or I'll kill you!" he shouted in the burglar's ear. He had no weapon with him, but a second time the bluff won out, aided by his own strength. The hands holding the box relaxed, and with this, Oscar's hold loosening, the burglar bounded to his feet, and again set out, running toward the town as though a regiment were after him.

Throwing a robe over her night clothes, Mrs. Hartley had gone after Oscar. She saw him coming, holding high the box containing the Bible, letters and other mementoes.

"Oh," she gasped, "the thief must have been after the box next to it," containing the silver spoons, my wedding ring, too big for me now, and your father's gold watch, and got that one by mistake! I never thought of burglars coming away out here!"

"My, but I was mad when I saw what he really had fallen on by mistake," Oscar puffed. "After this I will sleep with this box myself. No mistake then."

This story developing a strange mystery and very thrilling happenings, and will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

A castle in the air looks good until you try to mortgage it.

Calling on Royalty.

"The arrival of the King and Queen to open Parliament means that for some days a procession of people will be seen entering and leaving the gates of Buckingham Palace.

"It is etiquette directly the season begins that all who are on the list for their majesties' entertainments should leave their names as soon as the court comes to town, either in February or at all events at the beginning of the real London season.

"Nowadays the Queen is apt to return rather late from her spring sojourn abroad, so those who wish to make sure of being kept on the list will do well to write their names before Easter, when such lists are usually undergoing a process of revision.

"Those who do not appreciate the attention to detail that obtains in royal circles might think that writing one's name in a book, even though presided over by a royal footman resplendent in scarlet and gold, would be a detail too unimportant for their majesties' notice.

"Yet it is a fact that the book kept just inside the eastern entrance to Buckingham Palace is submitted every day for inspection by the King and Queen when they are in residence. This was also the rule in the days of Queen Victoria, who always found time to look through her visitors' book, however pressing the cases of State might happen to be.

"The privilege of inscribing names extends itself also to Marlborough House, where all those on the court list make a point of calling directly the Prince and Princess of Wales come to London. Their royal highnesses' book is kept in a quaint little low room of the porter's lodge, immediately to the left of the gate leading to Marlborough House.

"All the other royalties with residences in town have books in which callers inscribe their names instead of leaving cards. And not only is it necessary to go through this formality at regular intervals when one is acquainted with any member of the royal family, but it is also a matter of strict etiquette to write names at once should it chance that one has been invited to meet a prince or princess or has the honor to be presented to one."

Canadian Game of Nobbie.

The game of nobbie, as described by a Manitoba correspondent of the Circle, requires two teams of five each: Goalkeeper, back, right wing, left wing and forward (or center). A goal, made of two posts five feet high, set six feet apart and connected by a bar at the top, is stationed at each end of an oblong field, say 50x20 yards, or smaller even.

The players are armed with nobbie sticks, which are of oak the size of broom handles and a yard long. The playing end is nearly pointed and in it is driven a nail, the head being filed off, leaving only half of the nail protruding. The nobbies are made of two pieces of one inch rubber hose one and one-half inches long, tied to the ends of a string that measures six inches between the rings.

The game consists in keeping the nobbies off the ground and carrying or throwing them through the goal. Each half is thirty minutes and the total goals make the score.

The teams line up with goalkeeper at goal; the forward about twenty feet in front, the back about half way between and the wings about ten feet to left and right of the forward. The referee throws the nobbie in air midway of the field and the game is on.

Forwards play anywhere, wings also, excepting that they must keep on the left and right of the forward, according to their points. The back helps check assaults on the goal and attacks only when the whole team, except goalkeeper, makes a rush attack. The goalkeeper stays in goal except when he must advance to stop the nobbie.

Maxims of Portugal.

There are three very old Portugese proverbs which will now be likely to fall into desuetude, or which will, at least, have lost their literal application, says London T. P.'s Weekly. They are the following: "Querels que vos sirva, bom Rey, daime, de que viva" ("Would you have me serve you, good king, give me the means of living"), "Qual o rei, tal a lei; qual a lei, tal a grei" ("Like king, like law; like law like people"), and "Ao rey pertence usar de franqueza, pois tem por certo nao cahir em pobreza." ("It befits the king to be liberal, for he is sure of never falling into poverty"). There does not appear to be such a large number of proverbs in the Portuguese language which may be differentially compared with English ones as there are in the French, Spanish, German and some other languages. There are many which are practically identical with the English, while there are naturally others having no equivalent in the English language. "Ao homen ousado a fortuna lhe da a mao" ("To the bold man Fortune holds out her hand") is very similar to our "Fortune favors the brave."

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Every woman reader of this magazine will probably ask herself a question like this:

Why does Harriet Richards give a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound free to thousands of women that she doesn't know?

I will tell you why.

Harriet Richards will be honest with you.

My mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend, a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy for the treatment of woman's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you, and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so quickly and surely cured women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors, Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women, and I will send you

This Fifty-Cent Box of Balm of Figs Compound Absolutely FREE

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound and am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50-cent boxes free. Yes, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once, to-day, and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But, after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me to-day and remember, if you will simply fill out the attached coupon and return it to me, I will gladly send you a Fifty-cent Box of Balm of Figs Compound, absolutely FREE for the asking, or if you prefer to write a letter you can address me in all confidence.

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COUPON

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If this ad is in your hands you have a right away. We want agents all over the country, but they must be hustlers, and they got to be busters. We want to place our outfit in the hands of a few more people in your locality, and will be glad to do it on the liberal terms we offer. If you need to do it to secure the position. All you need to do is to write us a postal card and tell us you think I need to start, without any obligation on your part. Write to us today, before all the best territory is taken. To do it, a postal will do, but send today.

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I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

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The Baffled Detective.

(Continued from page seventeen.)

real good wine since I got tipsy that night on the burgundy."

"I'll send you a case of that rare vintage," pleaded the beautiful Miss Hobbs.

"But you can't send the cotillion, you know."

Althea clinched her hands till she felt the pearly nails underneath the skin.

"You must go!" she said. "You might compromise me, Iris."

"But I'd miss all the fun," answered the woman.

The jeweled hand of Miss Hobbs flew swiftly to her bosom and she twisted loose a pair of diamonds which she thrust into Mag's hands.

"Here, take these and go!" she exclaimed. "I'll pay you," was the retort and the gems were flung to the floor at Althea's feet.

"How much more do you want?"

"Nothing that you've got," grinned Mag. "I'm not here for anything bad, positively not for anything of that sort. I told Jasper that I would attend Cumberford's reception and he laughed at me. He said I wouldn't dare, but here I am. How lovely you do look, my dear."

"Very well," said Althea coolly. "If you will not go for heaven's sake keep out of the glare."

"Oh," tempered Mag. "I shall not get too far into the limelight. I'm a little faded, you know, for I've gone at a pretty swift pace since the Duke's ball. Then I was one of the social butterflies, you know, dear Althea."

"Yes," admitted the English girl.

"It was once rumored, you know, that I had eyes on the young Lord Harrington. Why, I wouldn't have wheedled my feet on him for all he's worth. I plucked for other game and lost, my dear. That's why I'm now Mag of Tinplate alley."

"Heavens, what a name!" ejaculated Miss Hobbs. "Where is Iris?"

"It's on the west side of the city and it's no paradise row, either," laughed Mag till her eyes appeared to dance in her head. "I can't invite you to see me, Althea, for it's not the place for the elegant Althea Hobbs of Hobbs Castle."

"Remember!" Althea said. "You are to keep out of the glare tonight. You don't know what bad luck it would be to me if you would quietly slip away before your trick is discovered."

They returned to the parlors, and Mag quietly slipped off to a secluded corner where she was not likely to be seen, and from her ambush she fell to watching the brilliant scenes before her.

Once or twice during the adoration which she was constantly receiving, the beautiful Althea cast glances towards Mag, but their eyes did not meet.

"Looks like old times," soliloquized the Queen of Tinplate alley. "Althea is certainly the most consummate, most accomplished creature I ever saw, and tonight she's the center of attraction, as she used to be over sea. If she only had the sapphire on her bosom her triumph would be complete."

Mag remained secluded in her nook till the banquet was announced and the great doors were thrown open. To Boswell was given the honor of taking Althea out, and he was at once elevated to the seventh heaven of delight. Mag smiled at the brilliant procession that moved to the feast to languorous music, and suddenly seeing a lone man who had no companion, she glided from her hiding place and approached him.

"We seem to have been overlooked," she said in pretty tones as she came up. "I am Miss Henderson—"

"And I am Mr. Powell. Permit me, Miss Henderson," and the next moment, leaning on his arm, Mag was being escorted to the banquet.

She was in the midst of real enjoyment, which she had dreamed of in late years, and raising her glass of Tokay, she sent a glance towards the queen of the table.

At that moment a hand fell upon her arm from behind and closed there.

Mag felt an icy shudder speed through her frame, but she did not look up.

The goblet toppled in her hand and the rare vintage dripped over the cloth.

"Thats you, miss," said a voice which still farther chilled her blood. "You can go back to Tinplate alley and feast."

She was on her feet, her face as white as ashes and her eyes astare.

The whole table was looking at her.

"I'm Miss Iris Henderson," she began, when the man whose hand was still on her shoulder laughed brutally in her face.

"Oh, no, my bird, you're just Mag of Tinplate alley. This is about the coolest trick I ever heard of. Come with me. You can finish your feast on the old deal table."

Mag tried to wrench herself from the detective's grip. Succeeding partially, she turned to implore Althea, who was gaping at the startling scene.

"Ask my dear Miss Hobbs," she shrilled, her voice rising in clear tones to the ceiling. "Ask my lovely Althea if I am not Miss Henderson! She'll vouch for me!"

"For a singed butterfly like you, girl? Not much," laughed the officer, as he dragged Mag away. "Look at Miss Hobbs. She disavows you."

"I never saw her!" came from between the beautiful Miss Hobbs' lips, and Mag, with looks that implied something terrible, was dragged from the room.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

He Knew Him.

"Yes, sir; I'm a home body. When my work is done, I make for home like lightning."

"H'm! Zigzag?"

To Say and to Do.

"Do you wish to go to church this evening? Father is going to preach, you know," the minister's fair daughter asked.

The young man considered.

"Um. The last time I went, he rather fell on some of my small failings. Do you know what his text will be tonight?"

"Yes; 'Love one another.'"

He regarded the round pink cheek approvingly.

"Suppose," he suggested softly, "that we let the old gentleman go preach, while we sit out on the front porch and practice."

Civil War Renewed.

First Vet—Did you find any landmarks when you visited Gettysburg?

Second Vet—I did. I found the tree behind which you stood during the charge that was made on our regiment.

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2 FULL GALS. Fine High Grade $5.00 Straight Whiskey **$2.87**

Our Gallons are full 128 ounces—the 2 gallons contain full 256 ounces. Don't let the 124 ounce fellows make you believe that anything less than 128 ounces makes a gallon.

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5 Gallon Keg, $7.15
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Beliefs About Sneezes.

There is a quaint old rhyme about sneezing which runs as follows:

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger.
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger.
Sneeze on Wednesday, have a letter.
Sneeze on Thursday, something better.
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow.
Sneeze on Saturday, see true love tomorrow.

A sneeze on Sunday meant a visit from the parson the next day, and the good old English housewife set everything in order against his coming.

The sneeze has certain unfailing traditions attached to it, especially among the earlier English peasants, and handed down to our day they have become superstitions.

Telling Fish's Age.

Mallock has made a special study of salmon. One batch of fish, hatched in 1903, was caught and marketed in 1905, notes being taken about them as they returned up the Tay River from the sea. The age of the tree is found out by counting the rings, after sawing off the butt end, and so the age and life history of a salmon can be read by studying one of its scales with a microscope. Scientists can say the length of time it has been in the sea, the summers, the winters, the spawnings—everything is there for him to read and see; indeed, such work is simple to any one with microscope and enlarged photographs of scales.

Yacu-Mama.

Down on the River Amazon the Indians say that there is a great snake called the yacu-mama and that it is fifty yards long and four yards thick. This snake lies concealed in the lagoons that the river makes in its slow progress through the plains, and it can draw into its mouth anything that approaches within twice its own length. You can always tell whether there is a yacu-mama near by blowing a horn or whistle. It will always answer such a call, and if it does answer you need not be in any hurry to go near the place where the answer comes from.

Did Not Care.

Little 7-year-old Joe's mother was proud of his curly hair, but his Uncle Joseph was continually teasing him and calling him a girl. One night Joe ended his prayer with "God bless mamma and God bless papa," when his mother said to him, "Joe, you forgot to ask God to bless Uncle Joseph." The little boy answered, "Well, God can bless him if he wants to, but he needn't do it to please me."

The gospel is preached in thirty different languages in the United States.

Freaks.

On a farm in New Hampshire there was recently born a pig that has two tails. One of them is in the place where a pig's tail is usually to be found and the other is around the corner on the pig's flank. Only a few miles away from the pig's home there is a farm and on the farm there is an apple tree and on the apple tree there was growing before the frost a double apple or two apples on one stem, whichever you may choose to say.

Why Not?

Mamma is always changing things. Most ladies do, I find.
As I have nothing else to change, I'll just go change my mind.

Many a learned man has succeeded in making a fool of himself in several different languages.

THIS GENEROUS TREATMENT AND 36 PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE

Dr. F. W. Jiroch, of Chicago, who is regarded by many as perhaps the best specialist of modern times in his chosen field, makes you this liberal offer.

If You Are Sick Let Me Help You

Just mark with a cross X in the coupon below any of the different symptoms you have and send it to me, and I will send you the **Treatment Free** so you may make a personal test of just what my special medicine will do.

This Treatment Will Be Delivered By MAIL, POSTAGE PAID, Right to Your Own Door Without One Cent of Expense to You

This offer is made to any person who sincerely wants to be cured of Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver and Bowel Disorders, Heart Trouble, Nervous Weakness, Catarrh and all other diseases arising from impure blood, Uric Acid conditions, etc.

SEND NO MONEY Simply put a cross X mark before the symptoms that you have, cut out the coupon, sign your name in full and complete address, and I will do the rest.

INDICATE YOUR SYMPTOMS HERE for FREE DIAGNOSIS

Cut Out and Mail This Coupon Today

I wish to avail myself of your offer to get a proof treatment free so I can test it in my own case, I have placed a cross X mark before the ailments for which I desire treatment.

Name.....
State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Town.....

State.....

Street or R. F. D. or Box.....

Have you ever written me?.....*What is your age?*.....

What is your disease?

- If you are losing flesh.
- If you take cold easily.
- If your appetite is poor.
- If you have rheumatism.
- If you have sick headache.
- If you have pain in the back.
- If you are subject to malaria.
- If you spit up mucus or slime.
- If you are subject to biliousness.
- If you are troubled with catarrh.
- If your sleep does not refresh you.
- If you feel weak and all run down.
- If you have palpitation of the heart.
- If you have heartburn and indigestion.
- If you have weak lungs or cough much.
- If you have any rectal trouble or piles.
- If you belch up wind from the stomach.
- If your hands and feet get cold easily.
- If you spit up sour or undigested food.
- If you have foul breath and coated tongue.
- If your bowels are irregular or constipated.
- If you have specks floating before the eyes.
- If you have dizziness or swimming of the head.
- If you have itching or burning of your skin.
- If you have hot and cold flashes over the body.
- If you have boils and pimples on the face and on the neck.
- If you feel bloated, distressed or sleepy after eating.
- If you are depressed in spirits and easily discouraged.
- If you have pains in the back, through loins, hips and joints.
- If you get weak, nervous and trembling after slight exertion.
- If you have twitching of the muscles, limbs, face and eyelids.
- If you have too frequent desire to pass water, or if there is dribbling or painful urination.

It is distinctly understood that I will never ask you to pay for the proof treatment, letter of advice, diagnosis, or for answering your special questions. I will also send you my Medical Book containing valuable suggestions, simple home rules, etc., all free—Absolutely Free—Write at once. Address,

Dr. F. W. Jiroch
Dept. 440
350-352 Wabash Ave., Chicago Ill.

FILL OUT This Application and Send it TODAY.

The Object of This Advertisement

is to reach the sick, weak and suffering; those who have failed with other treatments, those who have given up in despair, those in remote places who are not supplied with modern, up-to-date and successful methods of curing diseases.

I Want to Prove to Those People at My Own Expense That I Have the Real Remedies

I have perhaps the most successful method yet devised for the permanent cure of diseases of which I have made a specialty. I do not ask you to accept my word for this. I am a Specialist and I do not have one remedy that cures everything; no patent medicines; no "dope." My special treatments are made up of my own private prescriptions perfected after years of successful practice. My great success is due to knowing what remedies cure and treating my patients honestly. I count my cures by the hundred where a doctor in ordinary practice counts but one.

To Prove My Claims I'll Send a Treatment Free to Test

I want you to try at my expense, not yours. All I want to know is what you want to be cured of. I have made it convenient for you to tell me this by simply putting a cross X mark before the symptoms you have on the attached coupon or write me a letter in your own words about anything of a private nature (man or woman) that you want me to know. I realize that I must help you and get your good will if I expect you to recommend me to others. And you must believe that my remedies are genuine, and that I do cure, otherwise I could not afford this expense of advertising.

The Vast Majority of Patients I Treat Are Those Who Have Failed With Other Treatments

You may feel discouraged on account of past failures; patent medicines may have proven worthless; your home doctor may have exhausted himself—even pronounced your case incurable—but this does not prove that I cannot help you and that I may cure you. The worst cases come to me. My treatment may be a surprise to you. Set aside your doubts; try once more. Try at my expense. You have nothing to lose.

Accept My Liberal Offer!

It Places You Under No Obligation Whatever to Me

I repeat—you are under no obligation to accept this free offer. No contracts; no express charges. I will pay the postage myself and deliver the treatment right to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Do not delay; do not argue. Just say to yourself "If Dr. Jiroch has so much confidence in his ability and his treatment to go to all this expense I am going to let him try." Put a cross X mark before the symptoms you have; sign your name and address to the attached coupon, cut it out and mail it to me today. It will obligate you to nothing. Just let me try to help you. Address

Dr. F. W. JIROCH, Dept. 440, 350-352 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.